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America's Secret War

Or, INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE

By Marquis James

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CHAPTER I.

A VOICE IN THE JUNGLE.

THE night was of that heavy, pungent blackness known only to the seas that lie south in the Pacific. The storm, which, in great flashes, cut luminous veins in the dark, lashed the waters of the sea to wildness, and carried the waves far up against the wall of a rugged coral cliff. Thunder, wind and the ocean roared about the island; desolation and fury conspired to paint a masterpiece of chaos.

A chain of lightning tumbled from the sky. And while the cannonade of thunder rolled above and on all sides, the chain became a ball of fire, and spun itself at the very top of the eminence. In its ghostly light the jagged contour of the promontory stood silhouetted against the black background of angry sky.

The picture endured but an instant. An instant sufficed. Unveiled upon the very brink of the precipice was the lone figure of a man. The flash revealed his countenance. He was white.

The ball of fire spun like a pinwheel. The long figure threw itself full length upon the promontory to claim whatever protection that perilous perch afforded. Then the skies broke. The ball of fire, like a giant Roman candle, rent itself, and flashed sizzling down in flaming fragments toward the climbing waters.

But in the South seas nature is not nature. It is surprise. Suddenly the rain and lightning ceased, and the wind, as if sensitive to tenuity, raced away across the Pacific, and left only stillness and darkness in its wake. The island was a patch of raven velvet in a night of ebony, in a sea of blackness.

From atop the cliff where the man clung, a bright light whirled out, and like some will-o'-the-wisp, began a zigzag course toward the base of the promontory. The light reached the bottom of the precipice on the side opposite the sea. Having gained the beach, the man took a compass from his pocket and trained his electric flashlight upon its face. He calculated his whereabouts for a moment, and then strode off across the sandy seashore from out of which the coral cliff rose sheer and straight like some great monument. He plunged forthwith into the thickness of the tropical undergrowth which began a little way back, just out of reach of the high tide. Tropical vegetation stifled the sound of the bounding waves, and inside the jungle there was comparative stillness. Steering by the compass, the white man hurried along with the hasty yet uncertain step of one who has a dire objective point, but is unsure of his course.

But the straight, compact figure, clad in the white linens of the tropics, and moving with a certain definite precision of step that instinctively suggested military training, persevered on its doubtful way through the labyrinth of tangled jungle. Suddenly the jungle ended with startling abruptness.

In the center of the cleared space there was a hut of grass and jungle growth, matted over a pole framework. A light shone from open spaces fashioned in the manner of doors and windows, and from innumerable crevices in the carelessly wrought walls. The babble of native voices, mixed in snaps of revelry, came from within. The white man, hastily extinguishing his lamp, slunk behind a tree on the edge of the clearing and watched. He moved with great caution about the entire circumference of the cleared space, and peered into every window of the hut. He favored all faces of those within with a strange, searching scrutiny.

The scene in the hut was as he desired it—except for one startling exception. The white man peered more closely to assure himself. In one corner of the habitation there was a figure, altogether alien to the spectacle of revelry about him. Apparently he little understood the jubilation of the natives or cared to understand it. The stranger squatted on the dirt floor apparently disregarded but fully alert to everything that was going on. Nothing escaped his eager eyes. Though his skin was dark, like that of the natives, his features and clothes were not the same. It was hard for the white man to believe at first. But the truth was forced upon him. This man was Japanese.

It was all very unusual. Perhaps the Jap was a prisoner. The white man hoped so. But liquor would relax the vigilance of his guards, and then, he knew, the Jap was to be feared.

The long traveler left the clearing and took a fairly well hewn road through the jungle, which led toward the interior of the island. He proceeded rapidly some distance and made several deductions. He was certain of these things: That the whisky he had placed within reach of the guards had done its work; that despite the fact that his route had been confused, he had not been seen by the revelers; that despite the inexplicable presence of the Jap, his project showed encouraging signs of success; that he would soon be in San Francisco; that above all, he was safe, for the time being at least.

The white man was correct in some of his surmises. But in the last one he was not. He was far from safe. He did not know it, but behind him, stinking along like a shadow, darting from behind first one tree and then another, was a light, agile figure. It was the Jap the traveler had seen in the hut in the jungle. The white man was followed. Murder was in the pursuer's eyes.

The white man reached the edge of the thicket, and the road took a steep ascent up a hillside. He was breathing heavily from the effects of his hasty retreat from the hut. He consulted his watch in the light of his dark lantern, and, satisfying himself that he was already a safe distance from the revelers of the jungle, he slackened his pace, and then stopped dead in his tracks.

A low, distant cry made its way through the heavy, odorous air of the tropical night. The white man held his breath to catch every sound. It might have been the cry of a sea bird. It might have been the call of a jungle beast—but it was neither. Unmistakably it was a human voice—the voice of a woman, and one who spoke the accents of civilization.

What? The voice of a woman! The agitated soprano of an American woman—in that desert land, that savage land, that leper land!

The white man removed his topee that he might catch every sound and intonation of the mysterious voice. Save for that one sound the island was as quiet as a death house. The crystal, tropical stars shone down from above him. But in this heathen part of the earth, even nature's profiles and the panoramas themselves are made to blaspheme. That peaceful, windowless sky—was the hypocrite's cloak that covered a region unsurpassed in the universe for its dangers and treacheries. And if the mind of the white man was shocked at the thought of a woman, no matter how safeguarded, having penetrated thus far into its borders, his brain fairly recoiled upon itself at the surmise which followed. For he believed, yes, he was certain, that

somewhere, sometime—away back in the buried past of life—before the shifting coil of circumstance had lured him through hell's gate and to earth's ends—he had heard that voice before!

As the white man stood absorbed in his reverie, the Jap, with the stealth of a panther, had crept up until he was hidden behind a huge bowlder not five feet away. A dagger's steel gleamed through the darkness, as with a hideous cry, the brown man lunged into the very face of his unsuspecting foe.

CHAPTER II.

FIGHT WITH A HEAD-HUNTER.

THERE lives a tribe in Formosa, the southernmost isle of the Japanese Empire, known as the head-hunters. The head-hunters are professional killers of men. Their trade is blood. They are taught the art and science of murder virtually from the cradle. They are schooled in the business of slaying as children, and it is said that no Formosan can take unto himself a bride before he has exhibited to his chief the heads of a score of the victims of his own hands. Human skulls answer the purposes of money as a medium for barter and exchange upon this island. A human head, freshly dripping of the victim's blood, is the dearest possession a Formosan can call his own. By ruling of their chiefs the head of a white man is equal to the heads of three natives.

The man who lunged into the face of Walter Sanders as he stood alone on the island of Taohoto, and listened to the mysterious voice he thought he had heard before, was a head-hunter from Formosa. He had been imported for the express purpose of slaying Sanders, secret agent of the United States government. He drove his blade true at the jugular vein of the white man, but just at that instant a tropical bird, disturbed by the wild yell of the savage, flew from its resting-place in a nearby bough. The bird soared so close to the face of the white man, that instinctively he retreated a step. This saved him. The savage lunged past, sinking his blade to the hilt, in the ground, so great was the power behind the blow.

Sanders, thus apprised of the attack, turned to meet his foe. He was too slow, however. The head-hunter, already on his feet, had recovered his dagger, and, infuriated at his first failure, made a second rush at the American. Sanders met the attack of the savage and grasped the wrist of the hand that held the dagger.

Thus they grappled for some minutes, neither gaining advantage. The hissing nostrils of the savage bespoke his desperation. With a movement lightning-like in its rapidity, Sanders released his hold with one arm, and grasped at the throat of his adversary. But he reckoned not the skill of the head-hunter, who whirled to one side, leaving only the space of a hair between himself and the American, as Sanders crashed past and went sprawling on the ground.

This trick of the brown man would have meant death to Sanders had it not been for the steel in his muscles, which brought him upstanding. Again he grappled with the desperate, murder-bent savage. They locked in a death-like embrace, and Sanders, bringing forth every ounce of his strength, felt the shoulders of his opponent slowly giving away. He began to scent victory when, with a wiggle, the savage squirmed from his grasp and dived between his legs.

The native, thus freed, lunged upon Sanders' back, driving his knife into the white man's shoulder blade. The scent of the red blood that flowed redoubled the ferocity of the head-hunter's attack. Only just in time did Sanders grasp his adversary's arm to keep the blade from slashing his throat from ear to ear. In this movement, the American threw the wild man full over his shoulders, and before Sanders knew it his own hands closed in a vise-like grip over the savage's throat.

Even the native's last, desperate effort to sink his glistening teeth into Sanders failed now. The American's grip tightened and gradually the struggle of the head-hunter became more feeble. The native's body dropped to the ground, but Sanders clung to his throat. Then the white man felt the limbs of his opponent grow limp. Sanders was about to draw his revolver and send a bullet into the brown man's temple to make sure, but he deemed this too unnecessary, and feared, besides, that the pistol might rouse up other foes.

Sanders released his grip on the native's throat. He did not believe that possibly the head-hunter could be alive. But here Sanders made his great mistake. He did not know the almost superhuman endurance of the race he dealt with. No sooner had he unloosened his grasp than, with a snarl, the native rose to his all fours and then, before Sanders could seize him again, slipped noiselessly away into the darkness.

Sanders knew there was no time for pursuit. He glanced at his watch and let out an exclamation of surprise. His battle with his head-hunter had taken longer than he supposed. He set out on a dead run ahead, for everything counted on his reaching the village before the mail boat sailed.

The wound in his shoulder bled freely, and drained the strength of the secret service agent, but yet Sanders pressed on. He rounded a small hill. Below were the lights of the village.

The boat was still there! He breathed a sigh of relief, but did not slacken his pace. Already he heard the trampling on deck and the giving and acknowledging of orders in making ready to sail. Sanders' tired legs increased their speed. He heard the hoarse whistle signalizing the departure of the mail steamer which called at the desolate port but once every three months. He must reach the boat or all was lost. Another three months on the island alone—surrounded by foes as he was—and he would be dead. His head swam from fatigue and pain. He was half in delirium, yet grimly he staggered on.

He reached the outskirts of the native village. He was but 200 yards from the pier now. But what was that? They were pulling in the gangplank. Was the American too late—too late after all he had endured and suffered!

Sanders tried to cry out to hold the boat, but words would not come. He was too exhausted to speak. He staggered out onto the pier. The boat was drifting slowly away and out to sea. It was twenty feet from the landing now—too far for even a man not spent by exhaustion to jump. Sanders halted at the end of the pier. There was a leather pouch in his hand. He waved it frantically. A man on board caught his gestures. Whereupon, with all his might, Sanders hurled the pouch at the retreating steamer.

It landed safely on deck. The sailor picked it up, and shouted back that he would put the package in the mails.

"Thank God!" murmured Sanders. "Just in time." Then he collapsed upon the pier.

The leather pouch the secret service agent had bent his every effort to get aboard the mail steamer, bound for San Francisco, was addressed to Col. John S. Sigbee, U. S. A., Fort Rosencrans, Cal."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE SHADOW OF WAR.

DAMN!"

If there is any man who can read meaning and portent into that expletive, it is a soldier. And if there is any man who can make the word doubly forceful and indicative of things gone wrong, it is a soldier who is vexed.

Col. John Stuart Sigbee, U. S. A., was vexed. His pungent remark was addressed to the Government in general and the War Department in particular. He leaned back in his ample chair and re-read for the fourth time the transcript of Special Order No. 77, Series F., and still he couldn't make head nor tail of it.

Why First Lieut. Ralph Guthrie, unattached, should be ordered "to proceed at once from his station at Fort Hamilton, New York, to Fort Rosencrans, California, and there report in person to Col. John S. Sigbee, Commandant, for special duty in connection with the matter outlined in Code Order No. 18, was more than he could make out to his own satisfaction. For Colonel Sigbee had his own ideas as to how the dangerous enterprise referred to in Code Order No. 18 should be carried out. His force already was organized. His men had been picked with discretion and care. The courage, the sagacity, the patriotism of each one had been tested in a hundred secret ways. There could be no mistake or miscarriage of designs. Every man knew his duties, and they worked together with the precision and exactness of a perfectly ordered machine.

A crisis loomed. Yet there was no haste or hysteria. For twenty years it had been known to be inevitable. Brave men had long been prepared to meet it. They were calm, quiet, but inflexibly determined. They were as conservatively sure of themselves and their ultimate success as wise men dare be when they know the odds are a thousand to one against them.

If that time ever came—the time which even the War Department spoke only in whispers, and code whispers at that—if the blood-steeped hand of war ever should rise, specter-like, from across the blue reaches of the Pacific and clutch upon the land of his fathers——

"Well," the veteran colonel often told himself, "in that case, I, at least, will have done my share towards making my country ready to meet the foe."

And so, with considerable asperity, Colonel Sigbee ransacked the archives of his mental "Who's Who" for something of the history of First Lieut. Ralph Guthrie that would merit his participation in the business at hand. He read the Government message again, and once more his lips moved in a thoughtful, expressive:

"D——n!"

"Well, Colonel, it must be a serious matter indeed, that leads you to vent your displeasure aloud in an empty room. Greasers busy across the border again, eh?" It was Major Carter, the post paymaster, who spoke, as he came upon the Colonel unannounced.

"No. It's not Greasers this time." Colonel Sigbee shot back. "Worse than that. Read this."

He thrust the telegram into the Major's hand.

Major Carter read the message; his brow knit and he chewed fiercely at the end of his cigar.

"Well, I'll be d——d," he said after a long pause.

"My sentiments, exactly," responded the Colonel.

"Queer things they do back there in Washington sometimes," rejoined Major Carter. "The department moves in mysterious ways. But for all its power and responsibility it is directed by human agencies. And such being the case, it is liable to its mistakes. Colonel, if I were you, I would write to Washington protesting the admission of this Lieutenant Guthrie into our official circle here. Things are liable to break before we can get him properly trained. And a blunder now, you know, would be irreparable."

"A blunder in the business at hand!" the Colonel exploded. "I forbid my officers and men alike to use that word. Blunder now? It is treason to think of it. Is it for you or me, soldiers in the field, to carp or criticise the wisdom of the schemes of the military dictators of our Government?"

"Colonel, I beseech your pardon," interrupted the Major suavely. "Really, I——"

"We are soldiers, I repeat," the Colonel went on, ignoring his subordinate's remark. "It is for us to obey, not question. With half of the civilized nations of the world already plunged into the vortex of war, results alone, results alone, must answer for the wisdom or folly of designs. It is too late now to alter them. And so, if the dispatching of Guthrie, a green sprout of a lieutenant, to take part in this formidable task is an error in judgment, we must overcome the handicap, not complain about it. A good soldier, sir, never complains; he acts and removes the cause of complaint."

"Colonel, excuse me," said Major Carter humbly. "You are right as usual. And as usual, I am at fault. I should know better than to attempt suggestions to a man as wise and as old in the service as yourself."

The Major was a shrewd soldier. Likewise he was capable of diplomacy. He knew he had put his foot in it, and made haste, by the employment of pleasant phrases, to get it out again. He succeeded.

"No offense at all," the Colonel replied. "Your suggestions generally are helpful, Major. I can't blame you for being nettled at this. I was nettled myself. But the problem now is to sound this Guthrie out, and see where we can use him best, or rather where we can place him where his ignorance will do the least harm."

"Colonel, here is my hand on that," said Major Carter, whipping off his glove and extending his hand, "you can count on me. But I came to see you on an entirely different matter than the one we have discussed. Remember I asked you if you had any word from Mexico. It is not likely that you have, however, for I just got this from the border patrol. What we long have suspected has happened. Villa has broken with Carranza and declared another revolution. You know what that means."

"That so?" said the Colonel. "No surprise, though, Major. Call an orderly and have H Troop sent to the border to reinforce the present patrol!"

"Colonel, the horses of H Troop are unshod and resting up from their recent maneuvers."

"Order the mounts to the farriers then," the Colonel responded. "Have them shod at once. They must be off in the morning."

"Very well, sir," said Major Carter. "It shall be done. I'll see you later, Colonel."

Colonel Sigbee was a man of action. Even the Major, who had served with him for twenty years, did not linger in his presence when he knew his chief was busy.

The Colonel did not give the Mexican trouble a second thought. He concentrated his energy for a solution of the problem of placing Lieutenant Guthrie somewhere in the vast human machine dominated by the National Board of Strategy and Preparation for War, to which he had been assigned.

To the layman and civilian the National Board of Strategy is a vaguely defined body at best. It appears as a cross between a soft billet for superannuated army officers—a dignified sinecure where they can spend their declining years in a sort of sublimated idleness—and an opera bouffe organization to gratify the vanity of certain young officers with a "pull." Ability to wear a prodigious amount of trappings and gold braid at social affairs, and to be agreeable to the ladies seem the chief requisites for membership. But this deception is intentional. What the people don't know about such things won't hurt them. And what foreign governments don't know about them—upon that depends just half of this nation's salvation. The other half depends upon what we do know about them.

And while the National Board of Strategy puts forth a placid and simple outward appearance, the real facts in the case are these: It is the most perfect, the most vigilant, the most tense organization in the world. Its eyes and its spies are everywhere. It knew the number of soldiers, to a man, Germany could place in the field, and how quick she could place them there, long before the present war broke out. It knew the secret of the great Krupp siege guns whose prowess startled the world at Antwerp, and it knows likewise the secret war equipments on land and sea, under sea and in the air, of France, England, Russia and all the rest. It knew the present war was inevitable weeks before hostilities began.

The marvelous American machine, which girds the earth, reckons not only with past and present, but with future wars. It knows the strength and weaknesses of statesmen and diplomats of all nations; it knows the powers, behind the thrones; it knows the latest harem favorite of the Maharajah of Punjab, and what the Mikado of Japan had for breakfast yesterday morning.

It is suspicious of everything. It operates on the theory that it is better to suspect unjustly than to trust and be deceived. Consequently it trusts nothing and nobody. It is eternally and uncannily vigilant. But at the moment Lieut. Ralph Guthrie took train for the West, the Board of Strategy had become more than vigilant. It was tense; it was fearful. It was as a python coiled to strike; it was as a panther crouched to spring.

It smiled openly, but covertly stared across the seas with eyes that never sleep, and marshaled every ounce of its power and cunning to read the innermost thoughts of the little yellow men, who hold in their heads and hands the destinies of the armies of the Mikado.

Colonel Sigbee pored over Special Order No. 77, lost in thought. He was unaware that slowly, stealthily, inch by inch, the door behind him was being forced open by an unseen hand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

APPARENTLY there was no end to the pranks of Marjorie Sigbee, the Colonel's daughter. And the prank in which she seemed to take the most delight was surprising her father while he was in the headquarters' study, highly engrossed in matters of importance.

The Colonel had made himself master of men, and he ruled them by the thousand. But his authority ended there. In one black, curly-haired, laughing-eyed girl of nineteen summers, he met a foeman worthy of his steel—and sometimes, as the case often [illegible], a bit worthier.

"Pensive again, dad?" queried Marjorie when the first surprise was over and Marjorie had skewed herself into a comfortable position upon the Colonel's be-littered desk, exhibiting a wholesome disregard for the array of government documents that covered it. "Listen, dad," she continued. "Just drop that work a minute. I have something else for you to do."

The Colonel was preoccupied indeed, as he did not, speaking figuratively, stand at attention, salute, and await orders from his superior officer. He continued to study the paper he held before him, recognizing his daughter's presence only by a nod or monosyllable. Marjorie thought this far from proper. Her dark eyes bespoke mischievous intent. She plumed herself much as a martyr would. Over her brow she drew the lines of meekness, and a pathetic pout stole across her mouth.

Ignoring her father's absorbed attitude, she proceeded with her story—a tale of burning indignities she had been forced to suffer. Streak, her pet pony, had cast a shoe. She had taken him to the farrier's to have him shod, where nothing else than this happened: Sergeant Cullison had the presumption and unmitigated nerve to advise her that the farriers were busy shoeing the mounts of H Troop, and Streak could not be attended to today.

"And he knows good and well," she continued with a great show of indignation, "that I am to ride out this very afternoon to Horse Shoe mesa with Mr. Wright and that party of Eastern tourists who are visiting the post."

"But the sergeant was right," answered the Colonel. "H Troop has been detailed on border patrol. The order for the shoeing of the mounts was an imperative one. I gave it myself."

The Colonel deserved his fate. So wise in the ways of war, so artless in the ways of women, his frank admission spelled his doom.

"Well, dad, if you gave the order yourself, certainly you can suspend it until Streak is shod."

Marjorie was irresistible, but the Colonel was not the man to surrender at at once, no matter what the odds. But at length he capitulated, and his daughter rewarded him by throwing herself in his arms and covering his rough cheeks with kisses. Marjorie ruled her father, but she loved him as ardently as she ruled him. She loved him with that exhausting, trusting passion that can only exist between a motherless girl and her father, who from her babyhood has been both father and mother to her.

"Oh, Joe," called the Colonel. A tall, gaunt Indian entered the room from the veranda.

"Joe, report over at the farrier's. My compliments to Lieutenant Jarboe and tell him to arrange to have Miss Marjorie's mount shod right away."

The Indian nodded, and without a word was gone.

"Daddy, dear, why didn't you send Sato? He could have done it so much better than that bungling Indian. Sato is a real servant by nature. Joe is

everything else. He's a good-hearted soul and he tries hard enough, but he's awfully embarrassing sometimes. I have to laugh every time I think of the time he came with you to attend my graduation from Vassar."

"Margy, girl, you're a little hard on poor old Joe, sometimes. You mustn't expect from him those trifles of detail, as you would from the Jap, born and trained to serve his betters. You mustn't make him uncomfortable by his awkwardness when he strives to take on liveried butler ways. You've made him jealous of Sam, at times, you must remember if it hadn't been for Joe, along a score of years ago——"

But Margy counted the round eyes of the Colonel's daughter, and he saw them and cut short his speech.

"There, there, now, no unpleasant reminders, my dearie, run along now. Stress will be ready soon. Run along and meet the tourists. I must be back to work."

And as Marjorie Bigbee walked slowly out of the post headquarters, her riding whip tapped her puttees, as if keeping time to her thoughts. Humorous visions of the clumsy Indian "butler" here at a formal officers' tea, were forgotten.

Her eyes sought the erect, silent figure of Joe Tecumseh, making his way back across the parade ground to her father's quarters. There he would sit just outside his door until the day's work was done. At night he would sleep in the hallway of Colonel Bigbee's quarters, just between the Colonel's room and hers. He never left them day or night. It had been so as long as she could remember. And as her thoughts ran back through the years, Joe Tecumseh rose before her. In the vision of the stoic Indian hero that he was.

Roderick Wright was rather different from the common run of Eastern tenderfoot tourists who visited the frontier post of Rosencrans. He had made himself agreeable to the Commandant's daughter from the start. He was not a tenderfoot. Only by chance had he fallen in with the party who accompanied him. He had come from the train from San Francisco, and having been West before and being accustomed to its ways, he quickly, but unobtrusively assumed the responsibility of unofficial guide and chaperon for the party.

He could ride anything in the post, he knew camp life, and even fell into the vernacular of the West, as easily as though he might never have been farther east than Salt Lake City in his life. He was equally at home in the drawing-room or on the back of a volcanic bronco. He had a genius for adapting himself to his surroundings that won the hearts of women and the confidence of men. He was agreeable, without being intrusive; and complaisant, without familiarity.

Such attracts like. Clever wits find each other quickly. Before the little caravan of sightseers had proceeded far across the broad expanse of windswept plain that lay between the fort and the rising sun, Marjorie and Wright forged a good hundred yards ahead of the remainder of the party, and the tenderfoot men and women alike—were content to slacken the pace of the steeds and drop behind, leaving the Colonel's daughter and her escort out of earshot.

They made a pair fit for an artist's brush. Wright, manly and handsome; Marjorie, beautiful, and of a type that would appeal to the eye of any army khaki, with regulation olive drab shirt and service hat set off her brunette complexion to wonderful advantage. Her skin was dark and on top of this was tanned a healthy copper-brown by long periods of outdoor climes and the rigors of out-of-door living. Her riding boots reflected the manifold resplendence of the sunlight, and her polished spurs sparkled like jewels. She sat her horse perfectly.

Wright watched her with admiring eyes. His enchanted imagination, lifted and thrilled by the fragrance of her presence, conjured up covetous pictures before his vision.

Dusk was coming on. The program was to camp that night on mesa, a type of flat-topped mountain over across the Arizona line, which rose from out the desert of sage like a huge pyramid in shape that gave it its name. A path led to its summit on one side. They were to climb there and see the sunset, a sight of surpassing grandeur and beauty.

"Look, it's getting late," said Marjorie, "we had best whip up our horses a bit if we want to reach the mesa by sundown."

"You're right," rejoined her companion. "We must make haste if we are to see the sunset from the mesa. But actually, I had quite forgotten that was the purpose of our journey. I have been considering something else. The beauties of nature, the lonely pale beside the beauties of young womanhood. But I have the tourists back yonder must visit the mesa. Suppose we take the southern route? It is a mile or so the shortest way. Then we will be certain to reach our objective point in time."

"How did you know that?" asked Marjorie quickly, ignoring the subtle compliment. "How did you know there was a southern route? It crosses the border and runs over into Mexico for a little ways—did you know that? You seem to know a great deal for an Easterner. I guess the southern route is safe, though I wouldn't have risked it four months ago, but I guess Villa isn't cutting up any more."

"Oh, I am pretty well informed on all sections of the country," Wright answered. "I get around a good deal in my business, you see."

"And what is your business?"

The question took Wright by surprise. Even his face betrayed it. But fortunately for his own purposes, Marjorie's horse engrossed her attention at the moment, and she did not notice her companion's countenance. Wright was quick to follow up his advantage. He answered glibly, feeling his momentary hesitation already had aroused suspicion in a mind so alert as Marjorie's.

"My business is spending money," he said easily, "a deceased and wealthy uncle's money. Some people wouldn't approve of it as a vocation, but what is a poor fellow to do? A rolling stone by nature, no ambitions, nothing particularly to live or hope for—what else can I do? But before money came my way, I worked. Hunted gold in the Klondike, worked in mines in Montana, played soldier of fortune in the South Seas—but that is not interesting. How well you ride! How admirably you sat your horse when he took that stone. An ordinary equestrienne would have ridden around it."

"Oh, I'm pretty fair for a brunette when it comes to handling ponies."

Marjorie laughed heartily at her own pun.

Wright hallooed to the party behind to keep in sight and whip up their horses. They were striving valiantly to meet the pace set by the leaders, but had fallen four hundred yards to the rear.

"How clever you are. How light and free from care. Do you never take this world or any of its people seriously?"

Wright reined his horse over close to Marjorie's and spoke in a low, soft tone.

"Oh, I find it doesn't pay to be too serious. One with no end in view never sees his finish. That is my philosophy.

"Your light-heartedness distracts me, my little girl of the golden West. There was a finely cultivated tremor in Wright's voice. "What you call 'your philosophy' has been the bane of my existence. I never took life seriously. That is, never until I came out here two weeks ago. In the old days I worked because I would not starve. Now that I do not have to work, I don't work. And now I am awake. I've been a worshiper of false gods, a dreamer of foolish dreams and a pursuer of phantoms. Tell me, could you ever care for a reckless fellow like me—one who has been wild and who rues it? I love you, Marjorie Bigbee! I love you, I love you, I love you!"

With that he reached over and grasped her gauntleted hand. But Marjorie was not one to fall in love so quickly, for all her impulsiveness. A hot, caustic retort was on her lips.

The retort was on her lips, but was never uttered. From out a clump of chaparral to the right of them wheeled two horsemen. There was a harsh command of "hands up!" The staccato shots of an automatic barked behind them to frighten off the tourists who followed.

Marjorie and Roderick Wright had crossed the border. They had ridden into a Mexican ambush!

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

The Missionary.

Tucker paused as he was leaving the market and contemplated the keg of oysters that stood near the door.

"Don't you want to try these, sir? They're specially choice." The white aproned clerk stirred the oysters invitingly with the long handled wooden dipper.

"No, thank you," said Tucker. "I was just wondering whether the oysters were any fresher than the sign. Good morning."

As he walked the block to the florist's, where his next errand lay, Tucker grinned at the memory of the clerk's astonished face. "Perhaps I was a little rough," he said to himself, "but that

The American's grip tightened.

sign 'Fresh Oyster' sign certainly shows traces of long service."

After he had selected the Boston fern for his apartment he studied the flowers on the counter.

"What is the name of these pretty tawny roses?" he asked. "Aren't they something new?"

"Yes, but I don't know the name," answered the florist's assistant.

"That's too bad," said Tucker. "I should think you'd find out. Good morning."

His walk to his office took him by a large department store, where he glanced at a really wonderful window display of toys. He was thinking that the manufacture of toys had developed amazingly since the old days of the crude jumping jacks, when a battalion of wooden soldiers made him shake his head disapprovingly. At luncheon, when the manager of that store joined him in the crony corner of his club dining-room, Tucker said: "I've got a bone to pick with you, old fellow, about your toy window."

"The toy window? Why, that's the hit of the season. It attracts more attention than any other display we've had this year."

"Well, you know in these troublous times we've been cautioned to maintain strict neutrality in regard to the war."

"Great Scott! What's our toy window to do with neutrality? I like to know."

"If you must have soldiers in that window, you ought to have the Allies as well as the Germans. I'm neutral and I don't like your partiality."

"Oh, gammon! These little wooden men don't represent either side."

"When you go back to the store you look a little more carefully than you have before and I think you'll agree with me that those spiked helmets are Teutonic."

The coming of another crony stopped the argument. This arrival had no more than taken his seat when, with boylike enthusiasm, he drew from his pocket a design for a book plate which he was having made for his reverend father's birthday.

"What do you think of that? Isn't that some class? That easy chair by the open fire is my own idea, and the words are just the thing for dad."

"It's very good, indeed, but you've got the quotation wrong, my boy," said Tucker. "'Reading maketh the full man' not the 'wise man.'"

"Under the infallible authority present," remarked the young man, putting the little design back into his pocketbook with an air of dignity.

"It's a matter of small importance," said Tucker, pleasantly. "Sorry I spoke." But the little attempt at self-assertion was not received graciously and Tucker regretted that he had marred the good fellow of the lunch by his gratuitous information.

On his way home from business he took another look at the toy window to make sure that he had been right about the nationality of the little soldiers, and to assure himself there was no soldiers there. That section which they had occupied had been cleverly rearranged so that an unobservant observer would not have noticed their absence. Tucker whistled and passed on.

When he came to the florist's shop which he had visited in the morning the girl at the door beckoned him with brightly.

"Oh, I'm so glad I happened to see you," she said, "for I've found out the name of those roses. They're the 'New Gold of Ophir.'"

"I congratulate you on finding out such a pretty name, and please send three dozen to this address." Tucker scribbled on a card and the florist's assistant's dimples dimpled and smiled at the profitable result of her research work. "She's a nice child," Tucker said to himself as he left the shop.

At the end of the block he stepped into the market to add another item to his morning's order and his eye was immediately attracted by an immaculate sign calling attention to the fact that the oysters in the keg by the door were fresh. He knew that with the seaboard 1,000 miles distant they couldn't possibly be as fresh as that alluringly white and neatly printed notice, and he smiled.

"Much obliged, sir, for the hint you gave us this morning," said the same clerk who had served him earlier in the day. "We get used to things and careless, but we're always thankful for folks' interest."

Tucker felt rather guilty under this unexpected compliment, but he said laughingly that he was glad to help when he could with a suggestion.

The telephone was ringing when he opened the door of his apartment.

"Say, Tucker," began the voice that answered his "Hello," "I want to tell you that I looked up that quotation and you're right. I wasn't quite so 'wise' as I thought I was, Sorry I was peeved at first. I'm really mighty glad to have it correct. A misquotation would have spoiled the whole thing for dad, and I want to thank you."

"Don't mention it, my boy. I'm afraid I was a little peeved, too, but the connection was broken. Tucker turned away from the telephone with a laugh.

"I suppose that's the reformer's life was not a happy one, but I've certainly had a successful day. I guess now I had better rest on my laurels."

Only One Thing.

A salesman was recently advised by a brother ambassador of commerce to call on a certain tradesman with whom he had not been able to do business. He went on the man and was received most genially.

"May I show you my samples?" inquired the salesman.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the shopkeeper, when the bag was at last emptied, "there's only one thing I want today."

Out came the bag again!

"Thank you, Mr. ——," remarked the salesman, delighted at opening a new account, "that's all I want to know."

"Why," was the reply. "I want to see how you're going to get all those samples into that little bag again!"

Out West.

In Colorado, remember, the women vote as well as the men. In the fall of 1916 a man named Smith was running for sheriff against a man named Jones. One evening just before election Smith rode into the barnyard of an old farmer. The farmer was milking a cow and was having difficulty with a lusty calf that continually tried to "butt in." The candidate, to gain the favor of the farmer, took the calf between his legs and held it until the milking was done. He then introduced himself. "I am Mr. Smith, the Republican candidate for sheriff of the county. I suppose you know the man who's running against me."

The farmer's eye twinkled as he slowly drawled: "Wall, I reckon I do. He's in the house now, holding the baby."

A real heroine is a woman who can suffer in silence.

The Underground Trail Or, The Lair of the Mole

By Roger Knowles

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CHAPTER VII.

I VE spent the last two days underground in this city," Griswold Lane began. "I've traveled miles up and down corridors, with electric light wires buzzing and sputtering beside my ears, and water and gas pipes knocking my elbows. I've turned into every gallery in the system, and followed it to its terminus. I have crawled into office buildings and out again, and no one knew that I had been within miles of them. Oh, it's a great game, this exploring, and I am beginning to believe there are a lot of people in it, first and last. I met more than one man who I didn't believe was a repair man, and who didn't believe the same of me. I took to going around at night, but that didn't make any difference with the number of prowlers I found. On the whole, I guess there were more at night than there are in the day time. I think these tunnels, if all were known, would explain many things that have puzzled us for two years. The wonder is that we haven't broken in on them before."

"Now, one of these galleries leads smack up to the cave of the conspirators. We might as well call it that; it sounds good. They probably have a door which one it is, and to find out how to break through the crust that stands between the public gallery and their private den. Now, here is my proposition: If this fellow were tunned loose in these galleries, and thought no one was on his trail, follow him, he would make tracks for the rendezvous, wouldn't he?"

There was a general admission that he would.

"All right. How are we going to turn him loose in the manhole without making him suspect our purpose and without letting him know that we are going to follow him? If we should head him down there and let him go, of course he would not take one step toward the friends. It must be done in a way that will lead him think that we know nothing about it. We've got to frame up an escape for him devious, wouldn't he?"

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The others were patiently silent while Lane pawed about among his maps and plans until he found what he wanted.

"Now, just have a look at this," he said, and the three heads bent closer together. "This shows the way the tunnels run near the jail. There is one that carries a bundle of wires across into from Main street. It goes directly under it, strikes the foundations of this building, when it turns off and runs alongside of it until it is beyond the walls of the jail and its business again.

"Now, that is a narrow conduit, just big enough for a man to crawl through. And if you think it is any fun crawling through it, with your elbows crowded down to your shins and the fuse pushing up your fingers and back along your neck, and never knowing when you are going to butt your head against a live wire that will curl you up like a caterpillar, you come with me and I'll change your mind in a hurry in a short time. Well, near the end of the foundation wall which it parallels, it lifts a little, owing to the bowing out of that old dungeon down there which they used for the third degree in the old times, before Police Arlington's time, and slow up on the process a little. Do you begin to get a glimmering?" He stopped to fling a glance at his others.

"Go on," said the chief tensely.

"If John Doe should happen to be confined in a third degree cell which was, for the purpose of softening his secret out of him, he would probably escape," Lane resumed, as shrewd a look at each of his listeners. "He has a great many confederates who would make nothing of digging a hole under the two walls, the outer foundation wall and the inner cell wall. The work would all be done from the outside, so that the jail officials would have no suspicion of it. The spoil could be disposed of without much trouble, by being scattered along the bottom of the manway, and all that."

He paused, and winked again before he went on. "Of course, the rest of the confederates would have to get in touch with the prisoner before anything could be accomplished," he said. "But that would be easy. The confederate could appear at the jail as an expert on sanity, or something of that sort, and gain access to the prisoner without arousing the suspicions of the alert officials of the jail. He could arrange with the prisoner the details of escape, telling him where the digging would be done, and when, and showing him where the entrance would be made. Signals could be arranged between them, and every point settled while the sanity expert was examining the mentality of the assassin."

"What good would that do us?" growled Woermser. "Where do we get off at?"

"Well, of course we would have to furnish the confederate for the purpose," Lane explained, slyly. "Are you gerry now?"

Chief McInerny's face puckered with a wink of approaching enlightenment. Woermser still stared stolidly.

"This fellow has made me only once in a half light, and that for only a minute or two," Lane continued. "I'd be willing to take a chance on him with my voice."

"You'd never get away with it," burst out McInerny, completely carried away by Lane's drift at last. "In the first place, he would wonder why we put him down there, and why somebody came and chatted with a scheme to dig him out, he would be wise in a holy second. In the second place, how are we going to get him when think you are one of his confederates? He knows who they are, all of them. He won't break out of a dungeon in a deal like that. You can't put it over, kid."

"All right; let's look at your objections," rejoined Lane, unperturbed. "In the first place, let him wonder why he is put down there. If you can't give him some suggestion of why he is there you will keep him off the scent, then you're not on the job the way you used to be, Big Chief. And as for taking in a deal like that. You can't put it over, kid." Lane's mimicry was perfect. "Of course he would see it in, and to find out how to break through the crust that stands between the public gallery and their private den. Now, here is my proposition: If this fellow were tunned loose in these galleries, and thought no one was on his trail, follow him, he would make tracks for the rendezvous, wouldn't he?"

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE dungeon in the city jail had been dignified by the title through the newspapers ever since the two walls, the outer foundation wall and the inner cell wall. The work would all be done from the outside, so that the jail officials would have no suspicion of it. The spoil could be disposed of without much trouble, by being scattered along the bottom of the manway, and all that."

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The assassin laughed with him. "That fits him all right," he agreed.

"Now, we might as well get down to something," Lane hurried on, seizing the chance. "They think I am finding out whether you are 'bugs' or not, but somebody may be back before we get through with our little business if we don't get started. Of course, you understand that your close circle of friends has not abandoned you. They are going to take care of you, all right, but they have been obliged to keep pretty low. You understand that: you expected it; it was understood that way beforehand.

"They have talked over a dozen schemes to get you out of this place, but none of them quite suited. You were too important a factor in their game to run chance to do anything without too much of a showdown. Then when they moved you into this hole they played right into our hands. It's only a question of time now until we get you out of here."

They were seated together on the little bunk that served the prisoner for a bed, against the side of the cell, their heads close together, so that no foe should escape. The assassin apparently was listening with full convinced interest. Lane was exuberant in his success which his devices had achieved, almost beyond his highest hopes.

"One of the conduits of the system runs within three feet of where we are sitting," he said, impressively. "I have worked it out by triangulation from plats, and from measurements made in person. It runs just behind the wall under this bunk. We are going to begin digging tonight. The sooner I get through the less chance there is of being disturbed. If I don't get to pick through tonight, or perhaps it will take two nights. McGuire isn't going to let me have any help from any of the many members of the inner circle, who are in on the know, to expose themselves. You may be sure that I am not on an attempt it would implicate the entire gang. You understand that I am not so closely identified with the secret, so you needn't worry overmuch if I should be taken."

"I fancy not," commented the prisoner, chuckling softly at the idea of McGuire as the very personification of slipperiness in old devils.

"Now, you understand that you are out for it without a scruple," Lane resumed. "Once in the manways, they will never say that you got out with my help. You can crawl off into your little warren, and pull the hole in after you, and be as safe from harm as a burrowing owl, as our esteemed friend, the late mayor."

Lane was bubbling over with the happiness of success.

"Or McGuire," submitted the assassin.

"Yes, or McGuire," laughed Lane, in sheer exuberance.

"Having now satisfied yourself of my sanity, I suppose nothing remains for me to do but go on my way, eh?" said the prisoner. "Am I right?"

"You're right," Lane agreed.

The prisoner sat quiet once more, minutely, arranging all details, and settling on signals to be interchanged.

"Then I suppose I may as well get the bed," said Doe, with a comical gesture toward their rendezvous, when they came to a pause.

"It won't be long now," Lane assured him, in great feather over the way the plan was working out.

"It wouldn't do, I suppose, to leave this gun and searchlight with me?" Doe suggested.

"I'll bring them with me. I shall omit nothing; nothing will be left undone." Lane's assumed his exuberance by a conscious effort.

"Until then, farewell; farewell, in the name of Allah," the prisoner answered, in equal good humor. "But take good care that those whiskers do not drop off before the hour for escape, for that would bring our pretty plans to a ridiculous climax, I am afraid."

Lane promised that he would be cautious, shook the barred gate of the cell until a guard came to let him out. The next hour he was in the conduit with his tools.

CHAPTER IX.

LANE went alone and in secret to his work. Chief McInerny and Captain Woermser were not willing to admit any one into their confidence, and to the exception of the assistant chief. They wanted to be in a position to deny effectively all knowledge of the prisoner should escape from them without leading them to his associates. They were so positive in their belief that the secret consultation they changed their plan to follow through the hole with a squad, and decided to do it quietly, by themselves.

The conduit from which Lane was to carve the tunnel was a cylindrical tube of three-eighths inch iron, three feet in diameter. The wires and pipes were strung along the upper side of the tube. In order to avoid them, Lane was compelled to cut through the side and bottom of the tube, and the new adjacent tunnel upward to the level of the cell floor in the shape of a leisurely letter S.

Three or four feet beyond the tube was a course of solid limestone, the foundation wall of the building. The intervening material he knew from cross-sections he had inspected to be clay; neither difficult nor dangerous to work in. Inside the cellar wall was the brick wall, twelve

inches thick, lining the cell. All this masonry had to be chipped out with such tools as could be employed in the restricted space of the conduit and the excavation, and the spoil disposed of in a manner that would not attract the attention of any one who might happen to pass along the manways. Lane knew they were not deserted passages, and appreciated the value of precaution in that direction.

The undertaking seemed colossal when the young man first contemplated its difficulties, with cold-chisel, drills, metal saws, hand picks, and mason's tools in his hands. He recalled accounts of prison escapes he had read in which men performed prodigies with a piece of knife-blade or even the handle of a tin mug, and disbelieved the tales. He began with more determination than hope.

Cramped on his knees in the cylindrical bore, gazing by the light of his electric searchlight at the surface of the cough iron his mates had given him, he had scarcely room to make the needful sweep of the drill wheel. Within a few minutes his hands, barking against the rough iron, were bleeding paws. At the end of an hour his joints tortured him. He could only crouch in the bottom of the tube as he worked; there was no relief in a change of position. He believed that his back must surely break before he could complete his task. The hot, fetid, stale air stifled him. And he was only beginning.

At first he tried to open the tube by drilling holes through the plate at intervals, and connecting the holes by sawing. That he discovered to be mechanically impossible; there was no pit beneath into which the end of the saw could play on the down stroke. Failing in that device, he conceived the idea of boring holes nearer together and breaking between them with a cold-chisel. The operation raised such a reverberating din that it was out of the question. In the end he was forced to drill a multitude of adjacent holes along the four sides of the segment which he purposed to remove.

It was already morning when he tore the piece from the last shred of metal that held it, and carefully lifted up the tube for concealment. He had told Doe that he might reach him that very night! He was angry by disappointment, by hallucination, amazement by the impatience that comes with uncertainty combined with time. Tired as he was, he began at once to dig through the stratum of clay that separated him from the first vault, and did not desist until he had. He was using to carve out the plastic material struck against the solid rock of the foundation. Feeling the shock of it, he stopped and dragged himself into the tube, where he flung himself down and slept, reckless of the risk of being found there during the day.

CHAPTER X.

IT WAS not in one more night that he finished the work, or in two. It was four nights after his visit to the prisoner in the subterranean cell that he finally perforated the stone wall and felt the softer brick crumbling under the blade of his short cutlass he was using in the excavation. Four nights of torturing exertion and deadening fatigue, relieved only by a rest through the day in some obscure lodging-house in the slums. He still maintained his disguise, believing it suited his projects better to hide away from inquisitive friends. He especially desired to avoid the newspaper men, for a disclosure of his plans that would wreck them.

The horror of burrowing secretly under the earth, beyond the possibility of help in case of accident, performing his way, destitute of air, through immemorial darkness, was not the least of his trials as the work progressed. He was not fully sensible of the oppressiveness of his situation until he felt the crumbling give of the stone and the little darting plunge of his tool against the interior brick wall. At that time, for the greater part of the task was over, and that human company, even the companionship of enemies, was at hand. The sudden relief relaxed him from his nervous tension, and an incipient panic crept up in him at the thought of the darkness, and the solitude, and the cramping damp earth crowding down on his elbows. Worst of all was what he had resisted since the task began.

Up to that time his work had proceeded without incident or interruption. The conduit carried no important trunk wires, and was rarely entered by repair men or the construction gangs. The junction with the main tunnel was beyond two bends, and at such a distance that there was slight danger that any one passing with the main manway would hear him. He had worked almost entirely without a light after the first night, for greater security. The spoil from his digging he distributed along the tube above the opening he had made, in the direction away from the main tunnel.

Striking at last through to the brick wall on the fourth night of his labors, Lane reated in his tortuous hole for a space, gathering back his composure and contemplating what was ahead of him, before penetrating the thin film that stood between him and the main adventure. For the first time he was disturbed by misgivings. There was the long trip in the manways in company with a man who had murdered, and would not hesitate to murder again at the least scent of danger. There was the supreme moment before him when the assassin should lead him into the presence of the other conspirators; the crucial instant when he would stand revealed in his own character among those to whom his presence was a threat of death. Could there be any doubt how they would receive him? If the chief and his other two failed him then—— The big adventure was ahead of him.

In the midst of his conjectures he was conscious of hearing three blurred blows, scarcely audible, from the ground above and in front of him. It was an emergency signal agreed upon between himself and Doe. Some one was in the way. He must wait before attacking the brick wall.

The dull blows, recalling him to the business in hand, restored him completely. He crawled from the hole and out through the tube to the tunnel twenty-five yards away, for a breath of fresher air and a chance to lift his arms, while he was waiting.

"Now, thin, perhaps ye'll give me a civil answer."

CHAPTER XI.

HE HAD reached the tunnel and was enjoying a sigh of relief when there was a step behind him, and some one laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Phwat the hell are yez doin' here?" demanded a gruff voice.

Lane turned upon the man in the anger which startled fright induces in a man of courage. "And what are you doing sneaking up behind a man in the dark and laying your hand on his shoulder?" he rejoined. "You came within an inch of getting shot." Lane already had his automatic crutched in his hand, ready for use. He kept it there.

"Put up that shootin' iron," the man commanded. He still held his hand on the young man's shoulder, and was passing the cone of his searchlight up and down the soiled figure before him.

Lane whipped his own light on the intruder, to be certain that nothing untoward would take place in the dark, before he answered. "I'll put up my gun when I think it's time to put it up," he snapped. "You take your hand off me and put it where it belongs or there'll be trouble." Long nervous tension had made him raspy.

"I'll put it where you can see it, and no trouble at all, my son," returned the man, and straightway planted it in the form of a fist, between Lane's two eyes.

The young man saw the blow coming, but was too exhausted by his labors to dodge it. He had no thought of using his weapon decisively. The blow swung him about in the tunnel, and toppled him to the floor, where he lay sprawled and helpless. His weapon rattled along the ground.

"Now, thin," his assailant observed, quietly, "perhaps ye'll give me a civil answer when I ask ye what ye're doin' crawlin' around in these holes."

"I'm tending to my own affairs," Lane replied, seized with apprehension for the outcome of his adventure if this interloper should discover what he had been doing up the tube.

"Oh, ye are!" retorted the other.

"Would you mind telling me what you are doing, and why you take the liberty to knock me down?" Lane resumed, as he dragged himself to his feet. He had decided upon diplomacy as the best weapon.

"I'm McGuire, that's who I am," the man replied. "And I knocked ye down because I preferred doin' that to gettin' shot. Here's your gun," he added, picking it up and handing it to Lane. "Perhaps ye'll be coming to put it in your pocket now, like a good little boy, and listen to reason. What the hell—d'ye hear me?—what the HELL are ye doin' down in these holes with a dark lantern and a toy pistol? That's what I want to know, and that's what I'm goin' to find out before we get out of here. Leastwise, before you do. Put that gun in your pocket, now, before anythin' happens to you!"

Lane, at the name of McGuire, had hesitated, with his weapon half way to his pocket. He was prompted to shoot the fellow down on suspicion. His second thought was wiser; he resolved to wait until the necessity of getting this man out of the way was at least a little more apparent. If this were the McGuire he thought it was, he reflected, he might find himself better off in the project he had in hand than he had been before. "All right," he said. "You're McGuire, and I'm Dr. Rochester. So far we are together. But before I tell you anything more, I want to know what right you have to ask me. What are you, and what are you doing here?"

"If you're a doctor, it's a strange place for ye to be lookin' for patients with a pistol and a light," McGuire commented. "And as for me, what I'm doin', seein' as how I asked you first, ye might answer me first, like a proper gentleman."

"That seems fair and fair," Lane returned amiably, "but it has one weakness. I am here with authority which I cannot delegate, and I propose to the challenge of some one whose right to ask it I am not certain of. Tell me what you are, and what your business is here, and I shall be glad to reciprocate."

"Ye speak fairer than ye behave, and bein' that I have other business to attend to and can't be here all day palaverin' with you, I'll make an exception in your favor and tell ye at once I am the night watchman for the gas company in these manways, and am supposed to look to it that nothin' happens in them that shouldn't happen."

"Well, you're very vigilant, McGuire, and I compliment you. Now I will tell you what I am doing here. I am making some scientific observations in the tunnels on the effects of electrolysis on iron tubing, which can be carried on only at night, when the load on the wire is heaviest, for the use of an engineering board in another city that is considering the installation of such a system as we have here; and I have come down here by the express authority and permission of the city electrical department."

"Ye very well said, doctor mine, but phwat the devil do ye need of a toy pistol wid ye for, and the lookin' for electrolysis, whatever thim may be? Be they bugs big enough to shoot with that there gun?"

Lane laughed. "You will be amused when I confess the truth," he said. "I carry the gun down here with me because I am afraid of the dark."

McGuire did laugh properly at a grown man afraid of the dark, and fell into a pleasant conversation with Lane which lasted nearly an hour, such is the sociability developed by the casual meeting of human beings in a place where they are not likely to meet.

"I'm hopin' I didn't hurt ye overmuch with that there punch," McGuire observed, with sincere solicitude, as he arose to go. "Sayin' I was a little rough with ye, but the truth is, there are goin's-on down here that I can't quite lay my hands on; and when I see a guy prowlin' around at an hour when honest folks should be in bed, I am likely to be none too polite with him. Good-by, and good luck to yes, with yer electolorosis." With which adieu McGuire stalked off down the manway, leaving the impatient Lane to rub his nose and wait for the sound of his steps to die out along the buried corridors.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

A Wonderful Baby.

Everybody's baby being the most wonderful kid in the world, one can easily appreciate a story told a few days ago by Senator Bunker of Kentucky.

A man named Jones and a man named Smith met on a street corner one afternoon, and, after talking politics, cigarettes and the high cost of living, the conversation turned to kids.

"How about that baby of yours?" asked Jones. "Is he doing any talking yet?"

"No," replied Smith. "Outside of 'Da, da,' his vocabulary is not very extensive. Can yours talk?"

"Well, I should say not," was the proud rejoinder of Jones. "Talks like a parrot. Has got his mother chirped to a standstill. I suppose yours is able to walk?"

"No," replied Smith, just a little sadly. "He hasn't taken a step yet."

"Not taken a step," exclaimed Jones, with a life-size expression of amazement. "Why, he is a good bit older than mine, and mine is toddling all around."

"I don't doubt it," peevishly responded Smith, who was getting a trifle worried; "and by the way, Jones, does he use a safety razor or one of the old-fashioned kind?"

Wasted Effort.

The most dramatic day of the 63d Congress was when Champ Clark, the Speaker of the House, took the floor for his famous speech explaining why he opposed President Wilson's policy of repealing the Panama Canal tolls exemption law. Clark was on the losing side, and everybody knew that the vote would certainly go against him.

While the Speaker was delivering his remarks in his vibrant, booming voice, Representative Hefin of Alabama walked through the Democratic cloakroom. Even there the thunder of Clark's voice was audible.

Hefin stopped, laughed and said:

"That reminds me of an old colored man down in my State. He was working out in the middle of a field on a hot summer day, and the sun was so high he heat seemed to be simmering visibly wherever you looked. After a while the middday whistle sounded from a mile away, whistling for a crossing and roaring and thundering as it went.

"The old darkey, watching it go by, took hold of his hoe and stooped over his work once more. Then he said, talking to himself:

"'Boom! Bing! Bum! Hum! But I'm gwine to ride you nex' Sadday night!'"

His Choice.

The magistrate had asked all of the customary questions of the bridegroom, "this man" or "this woman," for a lawful wedded companion and about "promising to love, honor and obey." The ceremony was finished. The couple were married.

The bridegroom, a western Kentuckian, started to reach for his wallet. Then he stopped.

"Squire," he said, "I got a proposition to make to ye. I'll give you $3 now or I'll wait six months and give you what I think my wife's worth then, even if it's $200."

The magistrate looked at the bride for a moment. "I believe I'll take the $3 now," he said.

The End of the World
Or, ON TROUBLE ISLAND
By William H. Manning

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CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER RAID.

HALF an hour the men stood in the downpour and kept their watch, but it was not a time without chances. Distance could not blind them to the fact that the Coming Day was slowly receding from land, and they knew she was dragging her anchor. Each flash of lightning emphasized the painful fact, and they waited for the end.

Gideon was of two minds in that time. Seriously as he had meditated on stealing out and cutting the anchor-rope to save the sloop from being burned, he was now reluctant to see her go. The real lover of the sea, be he sailor or something else, also loves the vessel that bears him on the billowy wave and houses him in calm and storm, and, to all who watched, the sloop was like a human being in distress. It bore heavily on their hearts to see her go adrift.

The end was sudden when it came. Before, the receding had been slow, but finally the squall seemed to wrap up the rain-rod and whirl her away at great speed. Beyond doubt she had moved to where the anchor swung fully clear of the ground below, and, with this feeble resistance gone, there was nothing to delay the flight of the vessel.

"That," said Peter Hill, "is the end o' the Coming Day."

Billy Rob wheeled upon him abruptly.

"That he amended. "is the end of the Spry Shark. In this hour of desolation the new name of her is forgot. Mates, the Spry Shark is gone!"

Each man drew a deep breath, and it was like a united groan.

"There never was a better ship," said Dave Neal.

"Her deck was a place for men," agreed Tom Wigwin.

"And her fo'c'sle a place of right good cheer," added Ida Carter.

"She never went back on a sailor in a gale," said Zeke Wright.

So the simple-hearted men paid their tributes, just as friends do to their loved ones who have passed out of life, and more than one man secretly brushed his eyes. The Spry Shark had many mourners on Radimo.

Gideon felt his peace. He felt as deeply as anybody there, and as he expected the world to endure for ages longer, he was wondering how Foskett's party would get clear of the island after the twenty-fifth had passed. All hands were marooned. Then he had another thought. The smaller boat had been saved. What of the others? Calling Billy and a few more of the crew, he made his way to the near shore. There they found one boat, lurking at her painter as if in pain. They hauled her high and dry, and made her fast so no squall would unloose her. While two boats remained the party were not marooned.

The doctor planned to hide the boats in the early morning, but within the half hour the captain discovered the larger

A white man lay on a rude litter.

one, and bade his men see to it that it was not carried away by the wind.

"I think," he said, additionally, "that I shall soon have need of that little craft for a while. Her mast is ashore, isn't it?"

"Ay, ay, sir," Dalton returned.

"Good!"

With the sloop gone there was nothing more to keep the men out in the rain, and they went to their tents. Gideon lay sleepless for some time, regretting the loss of the Spry Shark, but consoled by the recollection that the two boats remained. He finally fell asleep with the wind howling outside, and knew no more until day dawned. By that time the squall had wholly passed, the sun shone brightly from a sky nearly cloudless, and only the uprearing of the sea told of the tumult of the night. The breeze had hauled farther into the south, and there was promise that the calm would continue.

Breakfast was eaten as usual, and there was an attempt at good cheer, but nobody forgot that the sloop was gone from the offing. Perhaps Captain Foskett accepted her loss with equanimity, for he was saved from the supposed need of a long voyage. Others, however, were not so resigned.

Having eaten, Gideon walked away to make sure that the two boats were safe. When he returned, the camp was in new excitement.

"The confounded thief has been here again!" Billy Rob exclaimed, explanatorily.

Gideon considered in silence.

"Several more small things gone, together with that infuriating hatchet."

Gideon looked at Foskett, who was speaking near at hand.

"You feel sure, Mr. Black," he asked, "that you discover the footprints of the ape? Others don't detect them."

"Ay, ay, sir," Foskett replied. "I see them. I am skilled that way."

"Then we will give attention to his thievishness. Billy Rob, you said promptly.

"With that experience to guide your ways of doing it, can you catch that monkey without harming him in any way?"

"Ay, ay, sir, I surely can."

"Then select what time you need and start in. The sooner we snare him, the smaller our loss will be. Mind you, the creature is not to be injured in any way."

"I agree that he shall not be harmed, captain. Our net is the main part of the trap, and I know how to lure him into it. Trust me! I'll give all of you a chance to shake hands with Mr. Monk just as soon as possible. He ain't handsome in the face, but handsome is as handsome does, mates. Ay, sir, I'll capture the lad."

"Take me for a helper, mate," urged Jim Black.

"All right."

Nearly all the other foremast hands made the same request, but as all could not be used, Billy picked his men. Then he went to get what he believed was needed, including the net.

The doctor had grown more interested in the thief. He had often heard of monkeys stealing things from houses, but never a case like the present one, with the parties on an island. It was something like relief to think upon a side subject, and when the trappers went away he was tempted to accompany them, but stayed in camp.

The next thirty hours brought few changes. The men left for work in camp were few, and progress was not rapid, especially as Foskett insisted upon a good deal of time being given to the instruction he furnished the other persons. Everybody had to be present then.

The twenty-fifth of October was near, and he subordinated all other matters to the task of getting ready for the end of the world. When that dread hour came, he wanted all to be in proper mood for the great catastrophe.

It was near noon of the following day when Dave Neal came running with news.

"Billy Rob and the others are nearing here," he announced, "and they have captured that monkey. Now we will see what he's like."

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW ALARM.

BILLY ROB returned a conqueror, and his men were almost as much pleased; but the thing they brought in the net was not visible. He was placed on the ground in the middle of the camp, the tied-up net preventing escape.

"Here," explained Billy, grinning, "is our new shipmate. I don't know how well he can work the wheel or haul, nor shinny up the masts, nor lay out on the yards, but he looks all right. Get acquainted with him, lads. He's a man."

The captive crouched in the folds of the net and eyed them closely, though not in great fear. He had a pugnacious air, and had already proved that he was not to be taken alone, unless the meddler wanted to meet with disaster.

A large fellow!" Captain Foskett commented. "but, as has already been said, hardly a gorilla, or anything like that. Some species of the West Indies, I reckon, though I am not a student of monkey lore."

"How did he get to this island?" wondered Mrs. Foskett.

"Probably the last survivor of several of his kind, skipper or passenger," returned. "Or, it may be, he recently drifted over, against his will, on a dead tree or something. I know there are monkeys in the inland over west of here."

"What," asked Mate Dalton, "will you do with him?"

"I'll tell you, Ira. I never willfully harmed a animal in my past, and I won't begin now. I'm going to take this little thing in the larger boat and carry him to Radimo. Once there, he will be among others of his kind, and where fruit is abundant. He will exchange freedom for ties of kindred and much feasting."

"What does it matter," inquired Rider, "when the end of the world is so near at hand?"

"Two things matter," the captain calmly answered. "I shall have no more things stolen, and, secondly, the monkey will be able to spend his last days in peace and pleasure. We cannot reach his mind, as he is not of our kind, but we can do the next best thing—give him a few days of happiness before the world ceases to exist."

"Husband," exclaimed Mrs. Foskett, "you are the best man living."

"No, no!" the skipper protested. "Not that, but I trust I am a decent man, and it is barbarous to turn a deaf ear to the needs of the animal kind. Billy Rob, step the mast in the boat and we will go to Dr. commented Foskett."

"Ay, ay, sir. By the way, I am forgetting one thing. Here is something I found among the possessions where we snared the ape chap, and mebbe it can be identified."

He displayed a piece of blue cloth, and Sybil promptly recognized it as part of what had been taken from her tent.

"That," commented Foskett, "proves the monkey guilty, but he need not be blamed. Denied mental powers in full, he has only acted the natural part in life. He's a fine-looking fellow, and I give him the good will due to him. Good old monkey!"

FOOD QUESTION
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It's not an easy matter to satisfy all the members of the family at meal time, as every housewife knows.

And when the husband can't eat ordinary food without causing trouble, the food question becomes doubly annoying.

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"My husband's health was poor, he had no appetite for anything I could get for him, it seemed.

"He suffered severely with stomach trouble, was hardly able to work, was taking medicine continually, and as soon as he would feel better would go to work again only to give up in a few weeks.

"One day, seeing an advertisement about Grape-Nuts, I got some and he tried it for breakfast the next morning.

"What I thought it was pretty good although we had no idea of using it regularly. But when my husband came home at night he asked for Grape-Nuts.

"It was the same next day and I had to get it right along, because when we would get to the table the question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts' was a regular thing. So I began to buy it by the dozen pkgs.

"My husband's health began to improve right along. I sometimes felt offended when the question came and thought he would like for a change, and still hear the same old question. 'Have you got any Grape-Nuts?'

"He got so well that for the last two years he has hardly lost a day from his work, and we are still using Grape-Nuts."

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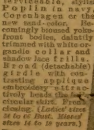

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The boat was made ready, and, as soon as possible, Foskett and Billy sailed away westward. The monkey went as a passenger. Their destination was the other island.

Every day Gideon grew to admire the captain more and more. He was a thoroughly manly man, bold, fearless, aggressive when there was need, a dauntless fighter of gales and of evil men, and nobody else on the island had a more determined face, yet, back of all that, was a fountain of sympathy for all who needed it, whether human beings or animals. That was Captain Foskett's way.

The boat disappeared, bound for the monkey's warm, food-rich chest. Reaching that place, the skipper saw that the captive was released without injury, and when the boat stood away from land he was to be seen in a tree, scolding vigorously as he watched his late companions.

"A dreffful fretful chap," commented Billy.

"He's like us human beings," Foskett replied. "He doesn't always comprehend when things are done for his good."

The run back to Racimo was eventful only for its speed. With the breeze astern and the current helping, they took the water handsomely and cut down the distance rapidly. Racimo was soon reached.

Dalton met his captain near the shore.

"Have you sighted any sail, sir?" he asked.

"No," Foskett replied. "Have you?"

"A drogher hove in to leeward of the island a while ago, passing out of sight fully, masts and all, just as we saw you on the offing. She was far enough away so the naked eye told little about her, but in the glass she was so much like the pirate we chased us that I felt sure it was she."

"Could you tell if she gave any attention to this anchorage?"

"No, sir. I could see men on her deck, but whether they faced this way or not, I was not able to see. Too far off."

"Our camp is pitched where the woods hide it from sea-goers," said Foskett thoughtfully.

"Yes," the mate replied, "and I saw to it that all the signs were hidden from sight. I'll swear that if that was the pirate, she did not see anybody here."

"Probably," Foskett replied. "It thought, but the matter will sharpen our precautions. We will keep back from the water, and the pirate, if she should hardly expect anybody to come here, unless for water. The excellent sandy might be expected the drogher to fill his breakers, for they must know of it, I suppose."

Master Drogher has a worry of his own, sir."

"What is it?"

"The coming Day went adrift, and unless she foundered in the squall, she is bound to attract attention, as Ranger aptly argues. She is a sight to make one of her might cruise around a bit to see if more could be learned."

"That may be, but as far as pirates are concerned, I should certainly expect them to be content with securing the sloop. What else is not is booty, and that only. Still, it is to be regretted that it did not turn up."

"How about the smoke she would have made?" That suggestion came from Mate Yashi. Rider argued that such a smoke would have drawn every craft in sight.

Deep annoyance was pictured on Foskett's face.

"Candor compels me to admit that I had never thought of that. It would have been better to bore her hull well and sink her. However, she is gone, so the point is not material. Yes, she's gone!"

The speaker tugged hard at his beard, and his companion noticed that he was grieving for his lost vessel. He bestirred himself quickly, however, and turned away.

"It is time we had a reading," he announced. "Come with me, Irn."

He gathered them again they heard of the prophecy and its accompaniments. The world was to come to an end, and certainly matters were to die when the earth was annihilated, but those who believed properly were to be saved for a better, simpler life.

In attending to this matter the captain lost all recollection of other things, but when the reading was over the outskirts of the group, looking seaward through a minute break in the bushes, and as soon as was decent after the last word was spoken he approached his commander.

"There is a ship in the offing," he reported, "and I think it is a drogher."

Foskett came back to worldly affairs promptly.

"Show her to me," he directed.

They went to the break, and a smudge was easily distinguished on the eastern horizon. Foskett pressed over his glass and Foskett looked.

"She's a drogher," he presently declared. "She looks like the fellow who worried us that night, but it is impossible to say at this distance."

"Yes," added Dalton, who had joined them and was using another glass, "and I'm willing to bet it is the same fellow that was standing north, an hour ago, as I told you. Why has she turned about and again laid a course near Racimo?"

"She is not standing in."

"No, she is standing down our coast, just now, but what has she in mind? Remember, sir, that these waters see few vessels. Even pirates seldom come here, for there is no prey for them. The question is, do those men know we are here, and are they patrolling our coast to study us? If so, there is mischief afloat."

Nobody answered, and Dalton slowly added:

"I wish the sloop had not gone adrift to advertise us."

Conversation fell away, but they stood and watched. The drogher was under small sail, and her movements were slow and lazy in the light breeze. The keenest eye ashore could not tell much about her. Possibly she was a well-laden merchantman, but she did not seem deep enough for that. The most sanguine heart could not dismiss the suspicion that she was a hostile vessel with some dangerous purpose in mind. She came abreast of the camp, and then the watchers saw her stirred.

"She has shifted her helm," said Foskett uneasily.

"Yes, and is standing in."

"Maybe only to get better wind. We will have an eye on her——"

They watched, and it then became certain that the drogher was approaching the island. The captain took heed to the fact and spoke quietly to Dalton.

"Try not to alarm my women, but muster the hands and have them get all the weapons ready. Don't permit any man to show his head where those folks can catch sight of the field of their glass."

The mate hurried away, and Gideon studied his companion, seeking what was lost labor, for that powerful face told nothing. Neither, perhaps, did the late order, but one man seemed to be settled. Every man who had seen the drogher was troubled.

CHAPTER IX.

STRANGERS COME ASHORE.

THE strange sail bore steadily toward the land, but time was allowed for ample preparation ashore. Foskett's force had been mustered and all hands were ready for warm work, if it came. Muskets, pistols, cutlasses and pikes were at hand in abundance, and it needed but one look at the grim faces to see that they would be ready to use them. Reserves had been placed at the next destruction of the world though they were, they found nothing in their creed that bade them lie down and die in eventful day, and permit pirates to slay them. Carefully keeping themselves hidden by the bushes, the islanders faced outward and waited. Meanwhile the drogher had come near enough to be seen well with the naked eye, and officers who had glasses could see even better.

"They are hiding some of their men behind the bulwarks," said Mate Dalton. "Not more than a dozen are visible."

"I doubt if that is the pirate ship," the captain replied. "She is not a big drogher, but that kind of craft are thick as bees in neighboring waters. Her crew numbers about that, too, the men we can see are anything but piratical of look."

"Perhaps that is only to deceive us."

"Maybe, but I have rarely noticed more inoffensive fellows than those now there. She shall soon tell."

They did see in due time. The drogher held her course until shouting water could be heard, and then, suddenly, she came to quietly. It was to be seen then that she carried only one boat. This was towed, and the heavy burden that was not to be named at that distance was sent down by means of lines. Four men rowed and steered, took the oars, beginning to pull for the island.

"That does not look like war," remarked the skipper.

"Unless they are spies," said Dalton.

"Why should pirates be solicitous that they lowered? True, it may be part of the game. Gideon, take my glasses. What have they in the boat, anyway?"

The doctor was unable to say then, but he was impressed in another way. The four rowers were slightly-built, and he could not see any weapons. For a war party they were an odd collection.

They came straight for the shore and touched. Several hundred yards separated them from the island group and it was still impossible to say what they were. They began to lift their burden out.

"Say, that's a body they have there!" exclaimed the mate. "They have landed to bury one of their number."

"Wait a bit!" the captain directed. "I agree that it is probably a body, but the rest is not so certain. It is covered with a blanket, and, somehow, it seems unlike a black man's corpse. Notice that they handle it in a gingerly way. They have it on a narrow stretcher, and act as if afraid of it. Superstitious fear, I reckon."

"They are going to bury it in these woods," added Rider, uneasily.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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The Mountain of Gold

Or, Beside the White Pool

By George Ethelbert Walsh

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CHAPTER XX.

BEFORE they could decide what course to pursue, the door of their prison opened, and a sharp blast of wind swept through the chamber, accompanied by a strong odor of sulphurous smoke. It came from the head of the tunnel through which they had just crawled and went moaning and whistling up the corridor to the chambers above.

It explained the origin of the wind that had extinguished their torches before they were captured by the dwarfs. The corridors were the natural outlet for the smoldering subterranean fire, and the dwarfs had checked the draft by building the solid doors at the end of the tunnel. Whenever the doors of their prison were opened, the draft sought its old outlet and surged up through the series of tunnels like a small hurricane. The doors must have been unbashable before the dwarfs constructed the doors, for the slumbering fire would fill them with smoke and sulphur fumes so that no animal life could exist in the poisonous atmosphere.

They accepted this explanation of the phenomenon that had so mystified them, after quite a silence, and then turned to face their captors. Bergmassen gripped his guns, determined not to be taken out of the chamber alive, and Hugo, no less decided, backed him up, shielding his father with his own body.

"Retreat to the head of the tunnel," the former whispered. "We'll defend ourselves there, and if necessary take a chance in that infernal pit."

But Professor Zends, who dreaded seeing again that which had nearly driven him insane, shuddered, and protested in feeble tones until Hugo had to force him gently along.

"It's our only chance, father," he said. "We may be able to escape that way. But these dwarfs will have no mercy —they'll kill us as a sacrifice to their gods. We must go."

Shuddering, Professor Zends was forced into the mouth of the tunnel through which the wind was moaning in dismal blasts.

Bergmassen, wishing to conserve his ammunition, did not fire at once, although he could see in the dim light shadowy figures crowding into the room. They seemed to fill it like ghosts drifting out of the blackness, their luminous eyes often being the only feature that was visible. They were as silent as shadows, too, moving with noiseless swiftness to surround them.

There was little gained by addressing them; they could not understand English, and any threat of mouth would be wasted. His greatest hope was that they did not understand the nature of firearms, and when he began firing in their midst the death-dealing weapons might alarm and terrify them. If this failed, they would be helpless in resisting their advance. A few well-directed spears, and the scarred leader would finish them.

His experience with the head-hunters and cannibals of the South Sea Islands had shown him that most of them carried spears, bows and arrows, clubs, and a more pin-prick from one could easily cause death. The Cave Dwarfs were probably familiar with this practice and knew how to dip the barb of their weapons in the deadly juices of poisonous herbs.

"If they come another step, I'm going to open fire," the old orchid hunter whispered to Hugo. "Watch me aim, and pick your man every time. Don't waste bullets."

"No, sir. I can find a head for a target. But this beastly gloom is disconcerting."

They raised their guns and were about to shoot—intending to empty every chamber of their weapons, and then, if the dwarfs came on, and then turned a hasty retreat through the tunnel—when the prison was suddenly illumined by a light-blue glow from the doorway. Dim and wavering at first, it steadily increased, revealing a double line of dwarfs advancing against the opposite walls of the room.

They were as motionless and impassive as statues, their eyes alone being luminous eyes alone showing that they were alive. Startled by this change, and curious to see what was coming, Professor Zends and Hugo withheld their fire, and watched the gradual illumination of their prison.

A couple of dwarfs carrying lighted torches walked through the doorway, their black faces and bodies illumined by trying to extinguish their lights. Another couple followed the first torch-bearers, and then the whole room or chamber was almost as bright as day.

Following the torch-bearers appeared a company of dwarfs with shields on their naked arms and legs ornamented with queer articles made of fish bones, bird feathers, and gleaming stones. One of them carried on his heart a solid nugget of gold as big as a man's fist, suspended by a string made of bone and woody fiber.

They were fantastically dressed, with feathers and jewels in their hair; armlets of pure gold and anklets of some strange metal that the Professor did not recognize. In their hands they carried spears and swords carved out of wood and fantastically decorated.

As this strange procession filed into the chamber and stood in respectful silence along the sides of the walls, the three prisoners remained motionless, watching them with fascinated eyes and wondering what the ceremony meant portended. But their surprise was not complete. All past performances were originated in connection with the sacred. They eyes bulged out of their heads, and they leaned forward in breathless expectancy when a new figure appeared in the doorway and stood there, calmly acknowledging the salute of the dwarfs.

It was a white woman, clothed in the soft skin of some wild animal, her hair of coppery red, and her eyes of deep blue; a woman scarcely out of her teens, strong, supple and self-reliant—her simple apparel distinguishing her barbarous beauty rather than eclipsing it.

She stood in the doorway, gazing around with calm, haughty eyes at her subjects, who suddenly bent their heads and extended their hands and arms, murmuring as in one breath:

"Ah-se-watti! ah-so-watti!"

Three times they repeated the name in deep guttural voices, accompanying the intonation with inclinations of the head and body.

Ah-se-watti then walked slowly into the chamber and took a position opposite the prisoners. Not once did she glance at them, but speaking in a queer tongue she addressed a few of the dwarfs, who, by his dress and bearing, seemed to be their leader.

"Attol," she murmured frequently, as she engaged in conversation with him, and whenever she spoke the name a softer inflection seemed to come into her voice.

Attol was the tallest and most powerful of the company of dwarfs—a veritable giant among that pigmy race; but even so, the top of his head barely came up to Bergmassen's shoulder. Ah-se-watti towered several inches above him.

Hugo and Bergmassen breathed hard as they watched this strange vision of loveliness; but with different emotions. A feeling of disgust possessed Hugo that one so lovely, and plainly a white woman, should consort with savages of such low caste. Bergmassen's mind was filled with a strange mixture of bewildering thoughts; twice he passed a hand across his brow to dispel what seemed like an optical illusion to him.

From his position behind them Professor Zends peered with weak eyes at the woman, and blinked and winked as if the problem was beyond his capacity for solving.

The girl—for she seemed hardly more than one—finally turned from Attol and faced the prisoners for the first time. There was nothing in the calm, impersonal expression of her eyes to indicate that she was moved by, or moved by the sight of them. She was like a regal queen surveying some of her unruly subjects.

She was quiet for a long time. Her throat and lips moved as if words that whispered to those around her, but her face betrayed no late expression. Then she began in a soft, low voice that measured each word and syllable:

"Why—did—you—come—here? Did—you — not — know—this—was—the—sacred—home—of—the—dead!—those—who—come—never—go—back?

Bergmassen gripped his hands and drew his breath in deeply. She awakened some memory in him, and Professor Zends gasped and stared in silence. Only Hugo, who knew no fear, looked in her face, and overjoyed that the speaker understood English, remained calm and self-possessed.

"We came, Ah-se-watti," he replied, bowing, "to search for friends who long ago ventured into this land, and those who came could never return, but our love for these friends made us forget our own safety."

"Friends!" Ah-se-watti murmured, frowning. "Friends" she repeated, as if the words puzzled her. Then her face lightened, and she added: "You—had—friends—here?"

She spoke the one seeking slowly for the words to express herself—not from affectation.

"Yes," replied Hugo eagerly, "friends —Professor Verril and his wife, Mary. They came through Death River many—many years ago, and—"

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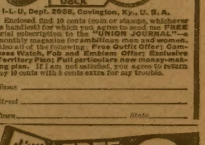

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"We received a message from them— from Professor Verril. It was inclosed in a bottle and cast in the White Pool. It was picked up at sea, and we found it. As soon as we read it we came out——"

Ah-se-watti was plainly affected; her bosom heaved, and a strange, wild light entered her eyes; the nostrils were distended and the hands clenched.

Attol, who had listened and watched carefully, interrupted Hugo's explanation with his guttural voice. Ah-se-watti turned to answer him, and her wonderful self-control was apparent, as her bosom ceased to heave, and the flush of surprise died out of her cheeks.

She spoke to Attol with the calmness of one undisturbed by any important news. They continued to talk back and forth for some moments. Then she turned to Hugo again, and said:

"Those — who — come — to — Manoin's — cave — must — abide — by — the — laws — of — his — people. You — knew — that — before — you — came — here?"

"We have no wish to break any of his laws," Hugo replied. "We mean no harm to his people or to you."

Ah-se-watti gazed at him silently, and under the influence of her beautiful eyes, Hugo experienced a thrill of emotion that made his pulse quicken.

"You — know — the — laws — of — Manoin?" she asked finally, her voice rising in inflection. Her tongue, which had long been unused to English, was slowly growing accustomed to the words, and she spoke with greater ease and less hesitancy.

"No," Hugo admitted, "but we'll obey them."

A shadow seemed to drift across the immobile face, and the eyes darkened as if the owner had an unpleasant mission to perform. She hesitated for some moments before she continued.

"Manoin's people, who guard his treasure," she added, hesitating only occasionally to find the right word, "can never — escape. They must — live here — and die here — and when they die — their souls — are purified — by the — eternal fires — that make — them — live — forever. Sorrow never — comes to them again."

She glanced around at Attol, who, unable to follow her words, was watching her face as if to read her expression; she smiled and nodded. Then she turned back to the prisoners.

"Only a few can live here," she added, "a few chosen — people. There is not — food — for many. Manoin — decreed it. The others must — die — and go — home to the — blessed Isle — of — peace. Each year the old — must be — offered up — as a sacrifice — that — the others may live. If they — did — not — all his people would starve. There — would be no food for them. The valley — is small — the fruit appears but — once a year — the fish of the lake are scarce — the birds seldom — come here in numbers. We must live — but the body cannot live without food. So the laws of Manoin must be enforced."

Hugo stepped back aghast, the meaning of her words slowly dawning upon his mind. Shut up in the crater of the volcano, with only a small supply of food to depend upon, the dwarfs had to exercise their rights to limit the population. The birth rate could not exceed the death rate or a famine would sweep all out of existence.

"You — you kill off your old people?" he stammered.

"They give themselves as a — sacrifice to Manoin," was the calm reply. "They know his — laws — and keep them."

"And we come under these laws?" he gasped.

She nodded. "We — did — not ask you — here. You came — unbidden — and there's no way that I can save you. Attol says you may — live — until your time comes. You're young — but when you grow old — you — must make room for the others. I, too, will take my turn, and so will Attol."

"But these — my father and Bergmason," Hugo explained, pointing to his companions, "must they die now as a sacrifice?"

"They're old — past the age — when Manoin's people die. They may not live

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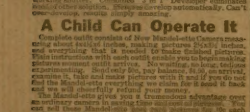

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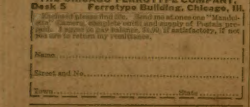

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to break his laws. No one—can escape."

Hugo's face worked convulsively, and his hands clenched. His brow darkened, and with a sudden burst of defiance he answered:

"If that's what you mean by obeying the laws of your Manoth," he said, "I'll break them. I'll not stand by and see my father killed as a sacrifice to your old god—which I can prevent if."

"You cannot—prevent it," Ah-se-watti answered quietly. "You cannot escape—no one can escape—we must live out our life here. You can go now, but when the time comes each one must abide by the laws of Manoth's people."

She turned suddenly to her people as if the interview was terminated. The torch-bearers fell around and moved toward the door.

"One moment, Ah-se-watti," Hugo exclaimed, springing forward, "when will my father and friend here be executed"

"Executed!" she repeated with a frown. "Oh, you mean sacrificed? Why —when their turn comes."

"When is that?"

She smiled sadly. "I know not. It is for Attoi and his chiefs to say. It may be in a few days or many days hence."

With a slight inclination of the head, she walked slowly and with the dignity of a great queen toward the door. Her way; the torch-bearers preceded her, and the whole procession of dwarfs filed solemnly out of the chamber and disappeared down the corridor. The prisoners waited in stupefied astonishment until the sound of their steps died in the gloom. Then Hugo, galvanized into action, sprang for the door.

"They've locked the lock us in!" he exclaimed, in subdued excitement.

"No, I don't think it's that," Bergmasson said, after he had tried. "They've given us the freedom of their city, so to speak, to come and go as we please until they need us for sacrifice. As Ah-se-watti said, we can't escape from this old volcanic crater; we're imprisoned here for life, and they've locked us up in this one particular cave? The whole place is a prison. If we could find a door to escape from it, I think they'd let us go unmolested. But we can't. And they can't."

CHAPTER XI.

BERGMASSON'S conclusion was correct. The prisoners henceforth were not prisoners of the Cave Dwarfs, but of Manoth, who, by the freak of nature, had contrived this clever trap at the bottom of the extinct volcano from which there was no escape. They had the liberty of exploring the series of caves and corridors and the sun-lit valley without interference from the dwarfs, now that sentence had been pronounced, treated them with no greater concern than as if they were not there.

But while they were at liberty to go and come as they pleased, Hugo and Bergmasson found that choosing their own habitation in the caves or in the valley outside was a consideration of the terrible sentence that had been pronounced upon two of their number hung like the sword of Damocles over their heads.

Any time Professor Zenda and Bergmasson might be summoned before the official chief and nothing they could do might prevent the execution of the order. It was Manoth's law—the law of the Cave Dwarfs—the law of necessity! The population had to be kept within reasonable limits to prevent starvation for all, and the rights of the individual had to be sacrificed for the good of many.

It was, considering the circumstances, a perfectly good law. Bergmasson admitted that to Professor Zenda, who curred with him after calm reflection; but Hugo resented it, and declared he would not abide by any such rule.

"If they attempt to kill you," he declared hotly, addressing his father, "I'll fight and kill off a few of the dwarfers so they won't have to make another sacrifice for a year or two."

"Useless waste, my lad," Bergmasson replied. "We're not going to introduce anarchy and warfare among the dwarfs just for the sake of one man. It's a perfectly just law, and I intend to abide by it."

"You'll permit them to behead you without a struggle?" indignantly demanded Hugo.

"Isn't it in the interest of all? I'm willing to assume my share of burden for the welfare of all. I might, perhaps, choose a better way myself."

"Why not try to cross that bridge and steal some of Manoth's gold?" eagerly asked Hugo, "and escape with it, and find a way out of the crater. I'd rather die in making the attempt than wait to be beheaded."

"Your turn won't come for many years yet," smiled Bergmasson. "You and Ah-se-watti will marry and—"

Hugo frowned and became thoughtful. "Who is she?" he mused. "She's a white woman—wonderfully beautiful. How'd she ever get down here in this bolish hole?"

Bergmasson remained quiet, shaking his head slowly. "She must have come through Death River, same as we did," Professor Zenda said, "and not being able to return, she's taken up her life with the dwarfs."

"She's a sort of queen among them," Bergmasson added. "They seem to revere her."

"I don't like the way that Attoi looks at her," growled Hugo. "I could knock him over when he tries to act as if he owned her."

"Attoi is their chief or leading man, Hugo. I wouldn't get in a fight with him. They may have other laws to punish the unruly."

Hugo walked away, frowning and troubled in mind. It was not only his outraged sense of decency that a white woman so young and beautiful should live among the dwarfs, but the fact that he could not entirely get her eyes and face out of his mind. The charm of her presence had exercised a strangely enthralling influence over him. Despite her calm, impersonal manner in that one interview, she had appeared to him unhappy and discontented; she was out of her environment, and underneath the surface there was rebellion and disgust.

He did not say anything to his companion about his personal investigations of the caves and corridors in the hope of finding Ah-se-watti, nor of the disappointment that he felt each failure to learn anything about her whereabouts. The dwarfs could give him no information, for they could not understand his language, and in vain he tried to communicate by signs the object of his search.

If his father or Bergmasson suspected anything of this, they were uncommunicative. In fact, they were distant and chary of any words concerning Ah-se-watti. When her name was mentioned they grew constrained and fell to musing. A restraint fell between them, as if each was trying to conceal from the other a suspicion they could never take any tangible shape.

They chose the valley for their residence, and built a hut on the beach, and began building a small hut out of palm leaves and branches on one side of the lake. They found it easier to reach the caves every day to pick fruit or to fish in the lake; but at night time they retired to the dark corridors of the mountain.

Much of their time was spent in rendezvous or consultations of opinion, one sort and another. The sun-lit valley was to them only a means for a livelihood and a place of exercise for residence or enjoyment. They preferred the semi-gloom of their caves.

Many of the best outlets on the side of the mountain where the dwarfs could look down on the lake at the bottom of the crater, were full of holes, but the crater were shot full of these holes, but none of them was high enough to afford any means of escape over the top of the high escarpments.

Hugo and Bergmasson soon found there were numerous means of access to the caves. They stumbled upon them in their explorations of the bottom of the crater, some quite open and frequently, and others rarely. One never knew at what moment a secret entrance might be uncovered and a big rock or in the midst of a dense thicket of mountain were fairly honeycombed with them.

"It does seem as if some of these galleries must lead to the top of the mountain," Hugo remarked a few days later. "It's almost inconceivable that they should all open into the crater, with no way through the mountain to the other side."

"Not at all, Hugo," replied Bergmasson, with his old crater was the chimney for the underground fires, and they all found their way through it. The enormous heat melted the lava or fissile of the rocks in the sides of the mountain, and thus formed natural passages for the steam and gases to escape into the central chimney."

"I won't give up until I do find an outlet," was the growling answer.

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Bergmasson smiled sadly. "If there was any possible outlet these dwarfs would have discovered it years ago. They've been imprisoned here for ages."

"Well, why can't we build scaling ladders and get up over the top?"

"Out of what, Hugo? The timber in this valley would hardly suffice to make a single ladder a thousand feet long."

The hopelessness of their position increased as the days passed, and as the hour when his father and Bergmasson might be executed drew nearer, the restlessness of Hugo became apparent. Between searching for an outlet and for a glimpse of Ah-se-watti he grew pale and emaciated.

One day he came to the palm-tree hut they had erected near the lake, with flushed cheeks and eager eyes.

"Our only way of escape," he announced, "is through the White Pool. I've been examining it carefully. The waters seem to drop right down into the earth there and disappear. But we know they come out somewhere beyond. Otherwise Professor Verril's message would never have reached us."

"Yes, I've been thinking of that," replied Bergmasson, with a faint sigh. Hugo's that's the only outlet from the crater. But what good will it do us?"

"Didn't the bottle with the message in it go through?" he asked stubbornly.

"It did! But a sealed bottle may go through a sewer that no man could navigate and come out alive."

"But we don't know that a man couldn't go through that underground hole and come out safely."

"No, we do not. But I intend to find out."

"You're going to try it?" exclaimed Hugo in excitement. "Then I'll go with you."

"No, not so fast, Hugo. I'm not going to attempt it except as a last resort. When my time comes to make the sacrifice, I'll take this means of saving them the trouble of beheading me. I'll dive into the White Pool. But I'm not lost till the same, if there's a safe egress I'll find it, and then return to save you. I'll mention the bottle with the message and show them the way out of the crater."

Hugo grasped his hand and gazed at him in impressed silence. "But your father," he stammered, "they'll behead him before you can return. It will be too late."

"Perhaps not! We'll ask Ah-se-watti to beseech her people to postpone his death. They may listen to her."

"I can't find Ah-se-watti. I've searched everywhere for her. Sometimes I feel that she isn't flesh and blood—that she was just a vision we saw that day in the cave. Where does she keep herself?"

"I've looked for her, Hugo, and unsuccessfully. I wanted to talk with her. It's a mystery I don't understand. If she's a white woman—and she is—I should think she'd try to learn more about us. It isn't natural—this silence and indifference."

"It's that Attol—he's in love with her. I wonder if she isn't a prisoner somewhere in the caves."

Bergmasson did not answer directly, but his face betrayed emotion and distress. Finally he added briefly:

"We must find her! We must keep up the search for her! She could give information that I'm anxious to get."

But Ah-se-watti kept herself invisible. Among the throngs of the Cave Dwarfs she was never found; she never attended the ceremonial religious rites, nor was she among the young people who played and made primitive love among the trees and in the dark galleries. Hugo and Bergmasson even attended another human sacrifice, stolidly watching a few more victims lose their heads on the cave altar erected to Manoin. But Ah-se-watti was not present.

Attol appeared at most of the public functions, attired in special costumes for each occasion. It was apparent that he was the chief of the tribe, and that his word was law so far as arranging ordinary tribal relationship.

At the sacrificial rites, Hugo watched the chief closely, and with eyes that glowed with suppressed excitement. Once or twice Attol turned his luminous eyes in his direction, and Hugo noticed an unpleasant flash in them that did not seem to betray any great personal friendship. Attol spoke in his guttural tongue to several of his companions, and they turned to look at the two white observers of the religious ceremonial. They nodded and exchanged glances. Hugo became nervous and alarmed, thinking of his father.

"Come," he said to Bergmasson, catching his arm, "I've seen enough of this bloody exhibition. I want a breath of fresh air."

Bergmasson promptly followed him, for he, too, was sickened by the sights and the object of their search was not in the chamber. He had not seen the malevolent expression in Attol's eyes, and Hugo decided not to alarm him by any reference to it. The fear clutched at his heart that his presence in the chamber had stirred up in Attol's mind a spirit of revenge.

What would be more natural, if Attol was in love with Ah-se-watti, than that he should seek to revenge himself upon the only possible rival in the crater? He could not, perhaps, order Hugo's execution, but he could punish him by depriving him of his two companions. Both Bergmasson and Professor Zenda were of an age when the law of Manoin could pass upon them.

Sick at heart and desperate over the impending tragedy, Hugo spent the night in sleepless worry, vainly trying to scheme and plot to solve the riddle. But what he could do to avert the disaster was as great a puzzle to him then as on that day when Ah-se-watti had informed him of the nature of the law which governed the increase of population among the Cave Dwarfs.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO days later, in the dusk of the early evening, which came early to them at the bottom of the vast crater, Hugo, still stirred to an acute pitch by fear that the dwarfs would soon demand his father and Bergmasson in sacrifice, walked away from the hut and entered a clump of shrubbery to secure a new pole for his fishing outfit.

A particularly long, straight and slender sapling had attracted his attention earlier in the day, and he decided to cut it before it grew any larger. Entering the shrubbery was made up of tall grasses, weeds and tree ferns, with vicissitude creeping vines in the trees. He began to cut his way through these until he reached the small lancewood tree he had in view.

His hands were laid on it to cut it when in the dim light he saw something that roofed him in the act. Emerging from the thick underbrush that grew close upon the sloping side of the mountain was a head, followed a moment later by a pair of shoulders and arms. The light was still sufficiently strong to give him a clear view of the head.

"Ah-se-watti!" he exclaimed, rushing forward with outstretched arms.

The head ducked, as if in fear, but when Hugo rushed through the underbrush it came to a standstill in the path. Ah-se-watti, and not a vision of her. The deep blue eyes were regarding him scrutinizingly. Before he had completed his rush she recoiled a step, and stood with flushed face as if contemplating hasty flight.

"Ah-se-watti," Hugo continued, overjoyed at finding her, "how did you ever get here? Where'd you come from—out of the earth?"

For reply she pointed to the mouth of a tunnel scarcely large enough for a person to crawl through. It was deftly concealed from view by the thick mat of creepers and bushes.

"You came through there?" he asked. "That leads to your home? Well, I'll know how to find you in the future. I've been hunting everywhere for you."

He took the two hands in his and clasped them warmly. At first she trembled and made as if to withdraw them, but a moment later she sighed and permitted him to retain them.

"Yes, I've looked everywhere for you," Hugo continued, smiling into her troubled eyes. "I have a lot to say to you—a million questions to ask. But, first, how'd you ever get into this beastly place? Did you come through Death River alone?"

She shook her head negatively, the eyes becoming clouded with trouble and distress.

"No, I was born here," she murmured softly.

"Born here!" exclaimed Hugo incredulously. "Why—how—your parents were lost in the River of Death, and——"

She nodded. "Yes, they came through Death River."

Suddenly an intense agitation seized her, and her hands shook so that Hugo clasped them more firmly.

"You—you—said you had friends who—who came here years ago," she stammered in agitation. "Tell—tell me about them."

"Oh, they were friends of my father's, and of Bergmasson's. I never knew them. They were Professor Verril and his wife—Mary, they called her."

"Mary—" knew them?" she asked tremblingly, unconsciously clasping his hands in turn.

"Yes, I did, but father did. Why?"

She looked at him with eyes that suddenly grew moist and tender. For a moment Hugo was utterly interested in the wonderful play of color in her cheeks and eyes; then he became conscious of the girl's distress and extreme agitation. He started suddenly and peered closer into the face, now growing rosily less distinct in the gloom.

"Ah-se-watti," he exclaimed, "you knew them—Professor Verril and his wife, Mary! If you were born here you must have known them—you must have——"

He broke off and regarded her with sudden amazement. The truth flashed upon his mind in an instant; he recalled Bergmasson's story in its details.

"Ah-se-watti," he said slowly, "you're their child—born here—Professor Verril's and Mary's child! Of course, you are! Why didn't we think of it before? What doits we were! It's all plain now! And that was only twenty years ago. You've lived here with these Cave Dwarfs for seventeen years!"

Ah-se-watti shivered and drew her hands away from him and covered her face. A dry sob escaped her lips. For a moment Hugo was too surprised and dumfounded to speak or act. Then with a comforting little embrace, he drew close to him, encircling her with an arm that seemed to promise her shelter from all the evils of life.

"You poor girl!" he murmured. "Twenty years in this hole! And not a white person to speak to!"

She looked up anything but the queen of the Cave Dwarfs as she permitted him to hold her for a minute, shivering and sobbing under the stress of emotion.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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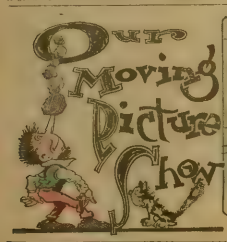

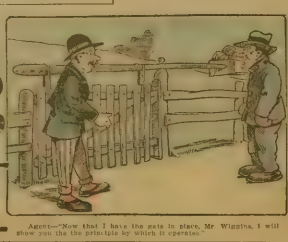

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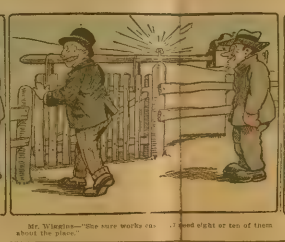


Mr. Wiggins—"She sure works co- about the place."

Agent—"Concarn the luck! I must have pushed it too hard."

Mr. Wiggins—"I'll be [illegible] I'll climb the fence first."

A Button Special st.

During the short seven years of her life little Florence Louise had become duly impressed with the prevalence of specialties in the medical profession.

One day, returning from a visit to a small playmate, she calmly announced:

"Anna swallowed a button, mamma, but you needn't be worried about her" she added. "You see, I was listening"

"Oh, she will get along all right," Florence Louise complacently replied. "They sent for a regular button doctor."—Judge.

Specialization.

"Are you a specialist?" asked the patient.

"Yes," replied Dr. Dix. "But I'm not a specialist in the sense you mean. I don't treat any one disease for the benefit of the doctors. I'm a specialist in the sense that I treat only those diseases that are profitable. I'm afraid the mutuality habit may become chronic."

He Must Have Heard.

Polly (to her sister's admirer)—"Guess what father said about you last night."

Adolphus—"Oh, I couldn't guess, Polly."

Polly—"I'll give you a peach if you can guess."

Adolphus (hesitating)—"Oh, Polly, I haven't an idea in the world."

Polly "Yes, you was listening!"

The Musician's Advice.

A young lady called upon Rubinstein, the great pianist, who had consented to listen to her playing.

"What do you think I should do now?" she inquired, after the ordeal.

"I think," answered the great musician, "you should practice."

Maybe So.

"I feel that I am growing and rooting at the same time," said the sapling.

"You are afraid the mutuality habit may become chronic," said the old oak.

A Case of Extravagance.

Richard Manning, Governor of South Carolina, tells the following yarn:

One afternoon a farmer, on his return from town to the South, found a negro in the yard of his good wife with a happy expression on his face and a paddle in his hand.

"Mary," said he, beginning to unwrap the package with a cheerful hand, "while I was in the city I bought one o' them barometers."

"A barometer?" promptly returned Mary, with a questioning glance. "What's a barometer for?"

"For weather purposes, Mary," answered the farmer. "Ye jes' hang it out 'longside o' the kitchen door, an' it will tell ye when it's goin' ter rain, every time."

"Land sakes, Jake Brown" exclaimed the good wife, with a supreme shade of contempt. "Whoever heard o' sich foolishness? What do we want o' a thing like that? We don't live in no climate fer—"

"Constant as the Polar Star.

Mrs. Meddoff—Our trouble with husband is that he never sticks to what one thing more'n a week.

Mr. McGregor—Yes; he him injoc- fine. Now, I'll never part with former man then your husband pawn comes to a shtrike.

Amiable Surmise.

Mrs. Gaddy—What is that queer noise like a rattle in the room?"

Visiting Uncle (sympathetic)—Maybe it's the noise made by your baby in your closet."

Gentle Rebuke.

Husband (very late from the club)—"Eh! I tell you not to sit up for me." Wife (severely)—"I don't. I got up to see the sun rise."

Spoiling It All.

Alice was playing store with her younger sister. Mother asked to become a purchaser, played well her part, but when the good day stooped and kissed both children.

Sensitive Alice burst into tears.

"Oh, mamma," she wailed, "You've spoilt everything! You never kiss the man in the real store."

A Welcome Change.

"John," she said, as he settled down for his afternoon smoke, "I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about——"

"Good!" said her husband, affably; "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."

What He Wanted.

"Well, sonny," said the patient druggist to the small boy who had been hanging about the store for half an hour, eager to serve the newly arrived customer, "do you want to buy some candy?"

"Course I wanter, but I can't—mother sent me for soap."

The Wise Fool.

"There is a time to work and a time to play, but you can't combine them," remarked the sage.

"But suppose you are a musician?" asked the fool.

And Grind Its Ivories.

"So Miss Banger stayed for you? She claims that she can make the piano speak."

"Well, I'll bet it is spoke it would say: 'Woman, you have played me false.'"

Their Base of Supplies.

"What is one of the principal products of the West Indies?" asked the teacher. The class remained dubiously silent.

"Why, rum, of course," said Tommy, the smart boy of the class, at last.

"Billy, tell the class where the sugar you use in your home comes from."

Billy pondered bashfully for a moment then, blushing blurted out:

"Sometimes we buy it at the grocer's, but I think we usually borrow it from the folks next door."

The Closest Race.

One day out at Delmar two horses were coming down the home stretch nose and nose, all the way, but when they reached the wire one of the horses stuck out his tongue and won the race.

"What, gentlemen," remarked the bystander, was the closest race I ever saw."

"Nearly," muttered each of another man. "I lived in Scotland two years and that's the closest race I ever saw."

Hardly Equal to It.

Dr. Arsenic was paying a visit to one of his patients—a young mother.

"Well, how is baby?" he asked, as he stuck to drink every day, Mrs. Burrell," he said.

"Very well, doctor, if you say so, of course," replied the fond but misguided young woman, "but I really don't see how he is going to be raised."

Taking His Part.

A section foreman on a Southern railway had been following a conversation between two of his dusky laborers:

Sam—"Say, you come here an' he'p me. I'se takin' up fer you."

Pete—"What's dat?"

"Why, de boss man say he'll fire yer de darges, an' Ah tole him he'd [illegible] ia!"

Something Missing.

Edith had been to a concert for the first time. "And what did you think of it?" asked her mother.

"I didn't like the organ very well."

"Why not?"

"Cause there wasn't any monkey with it."

A Chop House.

Mr. Warbuck—"Be yew the waiter?"

Waiter—"Yes, sah. What is it, sah?"

Mr. Warbuck—"Dew yew know, I've been a wunderin' all along why they called these places chop houses. I know now. Jest you please bring me an axe I want tew cut this here steak."

Illuminative.

"This meter," explained the gas company official, "registers the quantity of gas you use."

"And," asked the misanthrope, who is present on all gladsome occasions, "where is the spot which possesses what you charge for?"

A Successful Day.

"I had a nervous given me by one of the girls in our set."

"Indeed?"

"So I started out yesterday and traded it to one girl for a lunch, to another for a matinee ticket and to a third for a box of caramels."

In the Museum.

"This stone is covered with hieroglyphics," explained the curator.

"And didn't they have the board of health exterminate them?" asked the woman from upstate.

Truthful.

"Did you catch any fish this morning?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am," truthful, anyway, which can't be said of all fishermen.

"As to that, perhaps you might have called them fish, but I wouldn't. The biggest one I got only weighed twelve pounds."

In the Wake.

"I follow the medical profession," remarked the newcomer proudly.

"Surgeon?" we asked politely, just to make conversation.

"Undertaker," he replied acutentiously, though grieved that, the conversed the rejoinder a bit cryptic and shrouded in gloom.

Curiosity Rewarded.

"Dreamer is a meditative chap. Counting [illegible] he went to London [illegible] to see what the [illegible] top.

"What was it?

"Wet paint."—Judge.

Truthful.

"Pat Maher bought a grocery store. Though he knew nothing about groceries, he would not start in dishonestly.

One morning a lady called and asked for a package of soapstone. Pat had never heard of it before. He looked all around, but could see nothing that labeled

"peaphott, peaphott," he murmured, scratching his head. "Sure an' I had wit in de land a minut' ago. Would ye know us if we saw us?"

Failure to Support.

"What are your reasons for wanting a divorce, madam?" inquired the Judge.

"Failure to support."

"But you live in apparent luxury."

"He failed to support me for a nomination I wanted."

No Trouble at All.

"Is [illegible] trouble?"

"True enough, but you can take it the sights of a city and be taken in at the same time."

Farmer Greene—Gee whiz! That's six old shoes I've counted along th' road—has there been a wedding, I wonder, or has th' powder mill at Squeedunk exploded again?"

Tactful.

Two sisters while visiting in Ireland in Victoria's time got into conversation one day with a tenant of their hostess. One of the girls, who is quite stout, asked the old woman if she would have known them as sisters.

"Wath" was the answer, "ye look alike, but yer sister's slender, while you, miss—well, you favor the Queen."

Not the Ducks.

"Hello, old man! Have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did! I shot seventeen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer was."

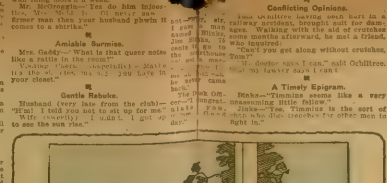
Out of Harm's Way.

"If you had to go to war, what position would you choose?"

"The drummer's, I think."

"Why so?"

"When a charge was ordered, I'd pick up my drum and beat it."



Agent—I'm working on a problem [illegible] harii beards de human race.

"What is that, my ma—

"I'm tryin' to find some way to utilize de vacant spaces in picket fences."

The Lost Spaghetti.

Pat Maher bought a grocery store. Though he knew nothing about groceries, he would not start in dishonestly.

One morning a lady called and asked for a package of spaghetti. Pat had never heard of it before. He looked all around, but could see nothing that labeled

"peaphott, spaghetti," he murmured, scratching his head. "Sure an' I had wit in de land a minut' ago. Would ye know us if we saw us?"

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"Failure to support."

"But you live in apparent luxury."

"He failed to support me for a nomination I wanted."

No Trouble at All.

"Is [illegible] trouble?"

"True enough, but you can take in the sights of a city and be taken in at the same time."

Irate Man—"You had the nerve to charge me $200 for this auto [illegible]-dealer!—Whaaaaimtter."

Irate Man—"The people I run over think it an insult to be hit with such a car."

A Painful Death.

A local band was one day playing in Scotland, when an old native came up and asked the bandmaster what the piece was they were rendering.

"That's 'The Death of Nelson,'" replied the bandmaster.

"Are, man," said the native, 'ye has gi'en him an awfu' death."

Didn't Want to Run Any Risk.

"James, dear," said a careful mother to her 3-year-old [illegible], "your Uncle Ed will be here for dinner today. Be sure to wash your face and hands before coming to the table."

"Yes, mother," hesitatingly, "but—but suppose' he doesn't come?"

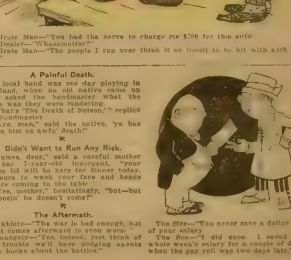
The Aftermath.

Inkblots—"The war is bad enough, but what comes afterward is even worse."

Smudgely—"Yes, indeed; just think of the trouble we'll have dodging agents with books about the battles."

Mrs. Agnus—"Did you see the catastrophe when in Europe?"

Mrs. Hart—"Mercy, you know how I hate cats."



The Sire—"You never save a dollar out of your salary."

The Son—"I did once. I saved my whole week's salary for a couple of days when the par roll was two days late."

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The Mountain of Gold.

(Continued from page eleven.)

aroused by memory. Then she freed herself from his arms and stood before him with frightened eyes

"Oh, but I must hurry!" she said in a whisper. "I must get back before they miss me. I—I ran away. I wanted to speak to you—ask you about—about——"

"You're not going back to them," Hugo said stoutly. "You're going to stay here with us. We'll protect you. You're among your own people, and we'll fight the whole crowd of dwarfs."

She smiled through her tears and shook her head sadly.

"I must return—soon," she said. "But talk to me—tell me all you know—about—father and mother. I—I love to hear you speak. It makes—me—think of them."

"What happened to your father and mother, Ah-se-watti?" he asked quickly. "Are they dead?"

"Yes, mother died a few months after I was born," she replied softly. "I never knew her. But father—he lived—lived until I was old enough to learn something of the past. He taught me to speak his tongue, and told me about—the—wonderful world and my people beyond. It seemed all so strange—I couldn't understand it."

She stopped and looked wistfully at him. "You are the first white people I've ever seen, except poor father."

The simple expression, so pathetic in its meaning, affected Hugo so that he dropped a tear on one of the hands, and then kissed the spot where it had moistened the warm flesh.

"Then we'll take you back to your people," he cried. "You'll go away with us, Ah-se-watti."

She gazed at him in puzzled surprise. "How can you go away? No man returns from this place."

Hugo frowned. He had forgotten the conditions that surrounded them; but with a show of bravado he exclaimed half angrily: "We'll find a way. Yes, by all that's sacred, we'll find a way out and take you with us!"

But his words were unconvincing; she shook her head sadly. "No, there's no way out," she murmured.

Then as if dismissing the subject from mind, and recovering her poise, she added in a firmer voice: "There's no way but to obey the laws of Manoin. We're helpless. We must do as he wills."

"It's not Manoin; it's just Nature and these Cave Dwarfs!" Hugo exclaimed half angrily. "What right have they to interfere with our freedom? If we must live down here, we'll stay away from them here in this valley. They can have their caves! But they have no right to touch us. We'll stay by ourselves and live as we choose."

But habit and long training could not be effaced in an instant. Ah-se-watti breathed heavily and sighed, casting one wistful glance at him, and then hardening her heart to the bright vision he had suddenly conjured up for her.

"No, we cannot live apart," she said firmly. "They would kill us anyway—all of us. We can't escape! We must obey the laws of Manoin."

"Ah-se-watti," Hugo said after a pause, taking her hand gently in his, "I want you to meet Bergmasson and father. They both loved your mother, and they came here searching for her."

"Loved—my—mother?"

"Yes, as I believe I love you," replied Hugo boldly. "Now that I've seen you I can understand how they loved Mary. If she was half as beautiful as you any man would risk his life and honor to win her."

Ah-se-watti trembled and then recoiled, holding a hand tightly clutching her bosom.

"You must not talk like that," she replied reprovingly. "I cannot speak of love to another, nor listen to it. The laws of Manoin would not permit it."

"What have the laws of Manoin got to do with that?" laughed Hugo. "Can't I love any one I please, and if I love her tell her so?"

She shook her head slowly and sorrowfully.

"No, not when I love another," she replied slowly—ever so slowly.

"You love another?" ejaculated Hugo in surprise. "Why—you just said you had never met another white man——"

"Attoi and I will be married in a short time," she interrupted. "And the laws of Manoin make it wicked for me to listen to words of love from another."

"Attoi! You're going to marry Attoi! You love Attoi!"

Hugo stood back in consternation as he spoke, and then suddenly laughed quietly.

"You may marry Attoi," he said bluntly, "but you don't love him, Ah-se-watti. All the laws of Manoin can't make you do that. Neither can they make you marry him—not until they kill me. Attoi will have to do some fighting to win his bride. Don't you think so?"

He took her hand and gazed into her eyes so that she trembled from head to foot. The confidence of his words and manner seemed to give her a strange, wild hope, like a bird in a cage who suddenly sees the door left open; but a moment later all the joy died out of her face, and her voice was sad and tired.

"There is no good in fighting," she replied. "They would kill you, and—and——"

She shuddered and covered her eyes again with both hands. Hugo watched her in silence, his heart leaping in his throat at the sight of her helpless beauty. A strong desire to clasp her in his arms and defy the whole tribe of Cave Dwarfs surged through him.

She recovered herself quickly and faced him with a frightened face. "I must return," she murmured. "They will be looking for me. But I—came—I came—to tell you—to tell you—that—they have decided to——"

"What!" demanded Hugo as she stopped. "What have they decided?"

"To—to sacrifice them—your friends to—to Manoin," she replied, her voice trailing off into a shudder.

"When?"

"Tomorrow at sunset!"

Hugo paled a trifle in spite of his fortitude and his lips twitched. She looked at him in hopeless misery.

"You can't get them to postpone it for a few weeks or days longer?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"No. Attoi has given the word. I pleaded with him, but—but—our marriage will come soon, and——"

Hugo suddenly seized her hand and shook her roughly. "Look here, Ah-se-watti, they're not going to behead any of us, and you're not going to marry Attoi. If die we must, we're going to do it fighting. And you're coming with us. We'll die together—all of us. Come now, and don't let any foolish idea about Manoin's laws bother you."

She permitted him to lead her through the bushes until they stood in a clear space where the light of the rising moon betrayed them to all searching eyes. But once more she fought off the emotion struggling for mastery, and faced him with a resolute face.

"They will kill you, too," she murmured: "No, I cannot permit that. You're young—and may live here—many years. I—I must save you—I can't let them kill you—the laws of Manoin must be obeyed."

"Nonsense! There's no Manoin! It's all tomfoolery. Get that out of your mind, Ah-se-watti. You're a white woman, with white blood in your veins. Don't let these heathen ideas fool you. I'm going to fight to the last ditch for you."

"And—and be killed? No, no, I cannot! I must save you!"

"Do you think I want to live down here after father and Bergmasson are dead—and you're married to Attoi? I wouldn't give a hang for life then."

"But—but I—I'll need you," she wailed. "Oh, I can't live here if you're killed—not after—after this—You must live, and obey——"

"Not without you! You hear!"

Hugo spoke savagely to arouse her from her fear, but she ignored him, and continued: "If you love me—as you say you do—you'll live—live—for my sake."

Hugo regarded her in silence for a moment; then he sprang forward to catch her in his arms.

"I'll live for your sake," he cried, "and——"

But his hands clutched empty air. Ah-se-watti had disappeared, running through the gloom like a frightened rabbit. He pursued her, calling her name anxiously and endearingly, but she eluded him in the darkness. In vain he sought for the entrance to the cave, and only gave it up finally when the search had been prolonged for nearly an hour and the increased darkness convinced him of the futility of it.

This interesting story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once

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The End of the World

(Continued from page seven.)

"What will they bury it with?" Foskett asked. "Do you see a spade or any other implement?"

"Not a thing. Then what is to be done?"

Nobody could tell, but the black bearers entered the woods and disappeared. The white party waited. They did not fail back to avoid notice, for the tents could not be hidden, anyhow, and their advanced position did not require change.

Less than five minutes elapsed after the disappearance when the bearers again came into view, back tracking. They were now in haste. They ran toward their boat, entered it, and pulled away from land. Wonder and questions became more active among the watchers, but they moved very little. Rowing powerfully the black men soon reached the dredger and scrambled to the deck, and then the boat was hoisted. Dusky sailors hauled at the sails, and in a short time the dredger filed and stood away from land.

"Well!" breathed Billy Rob, deep in perplexity.

"As harmless a lot of negroes as can be found in the West Indies," commented Captain Foskett.

"But what did they leave ashore?" asked Gideon.

"That's what we will now see. Rider, Billy Rob, Peter Hill and Gideon, come with me. Dalton, keep the camp together, and be watchful. Come!"

The chosen force walked toward the point where the blacks had entered the woods. There, in a little glade, they came upon the object of their search. A white man lay in the rude litter, the blanket by his side.

"Them fellows was too lazy even to bury him," said Peter.

"A hard way to wind up life," Billy added, "but this is Trouble Island."

But the doctor went forward quickly, bent over the unknown and placed an investigating hand upon him.

"He is dead, and I can't see that he is likely to die," was the ready announcement. "Plenty of life in him, though he is unconscious, drugged, or in a coma of disease. Have we brandy along?"

There was none, and Foskett did the next best thing. Ordering his men to help him, he lifted a corner of the litter and the start was made for camp.

"My guess," the skipper said, "is that this is a man who escaped, though how and when to be in this unfavorable condition is not to be told now."

"Shipwrecked," said Gideon, "is marked with a cross on Quicksteep Mary." What does it say, captain?"

"She is a craft would have that name, but it undoubtedly that of a ship I never heard of her, though. Do you think, you men, that you'll be back to the ship much before dark to-day?"

"Certainly! It is too early to say what is ahead of him, but I can see no reason why he should not live twenty years. He only needs restoration."

When the camp was reached the doctor began the battle. A more critical investigation confirmed his belief that the stranger had no serious injury, so brandy was forced down his throat, and some friction properly applied.

"A seafaring person, surely," said Foskett, looking further at the man. "He is not so pretty as some, but that's an intelligent face, and I still pronounce him of captain's rank."

"We will leave him in the open air while we can, but what do you make of the weather?"

"It's a stiff breeze from the sou'west, and increasing. There is a gale in it, doctor. By morning you will see a send of the wind that will turn up the water in little hills."

"So I thought."

Ranger spoke absently. We was watching his patient. The means already taken for restoration were not succeeding as readily as expected, and the case became problematical.

"I admit that I don't understand the trouble," he pursued slowly. "It is not a case of drugging, nor can I see signs of disease. Nothing it is a mental shock, in which case he may be long in recovering. It is among the possibilities that a sickness of two weeks is ahead of him."

"No, Gideon," Foskett replied soberly. "Before that time the hurricane will have gone to wreck, and be flying in minute pieces through the spaces of the heavens."

"I forgot that."

The doctor spoke somewhat grudgingly, for he expected the wreck to exist for ages after he was himself dead, but it was only a deserved tribute to the skipper's honest faith.

"Spare no means, my boy," Foskett continued, "to bring him back to consciousness. I greatly wish to see him in possession of all his faculties, so I may prepare him for the final day before it is too late."

"I'll do my best."

The promise was kept, but nightfall found the stranger still unconscious. By that time the wind had increased to half a gale, and it was necessary to carry the litter into a tent. The night passed with wild scenes around the camp and within it. The tents writhed under the lash of the gale, though rain was thus far deferred.

Gideon watched until near morning, but when he fell asleep it was to slumber until well after day dawned. He awakened to find Dalton shaking him violently.

"Wake up!" cried the mate. "Get outside, and see the most remarkable sight of your life. You will never again see the like of it!"

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it, if you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger you would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Not to be Bribed.

A commercial traveler had taken a large order in a Northern city and endeavored to impress upon the canny Scottish manager who had given the order a box of Havana cigars.

"Naw," he replied. "Don't try to bribe a man. I cudna tak them—and I am a member of the kirk!"

"But will you not accept them as a present?"

"I cudna," said the Scot.

"Well, then," said the traveler, "suppose I sell you the cigars for a merely nominal sum—say a shilling?"

"Weel, in that case," replied the Scot, "since you press me, and not liking tae refuse an offer o' the kind, I think I'll be taking twa boxes."

* * *

A Fair Exchange.

There had been friction between the choir and minister for some time past, but so far the singers had more than held their own. It happened one Sunday morning the minister, after listening to the singing of the usual anthem, announced in a loud, clear voice, "My text this morning will be, 'Now, when the uproar had ceased.'"

For a moment the members of the choir looked crestfallen. They felt that the parson had scored for once. Then in the choir loft whisper they decided to make a slight alteration in the musical program, and when the sermon concluded the following words burst forth and the choir triumphantly sang, "Now it is high time to wake out of sleep."

* * *

On Business.

A stern father who had repeatedly told a young man who was paying his addresses to his daughter, not to ring at the doorbell late one evening to see the young man.

"Sir," said he, in anger, "didn't I tell you not to call again, eh, sir?"

"Yes," said the young man, "I know, but I didn't call to see your daughter. I came on behalf of our firm about that little bill."

"Oh—er—er——" stammered the stern father, "call again, will you?"

Surgical Magnets.

PARIS, March 27th.—In the hospitals of France magnets have been developed that will draw fragments of shrapnel to the surface from a depth in the flesh of even six inches, and steel-jacketed bullets have been drawn out from a depth of more than two inches.

At the Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., are many as wonderful electric machines, high frequency current, X-ray, violet rays. Then Dr. Pierce has equipped the Sanitarium with every known device to aid the sick and in the Surgical Department every instrument and appliance approved by the modern operator. The permanent cure of rupture is accomplished here without pain with local anaesthesia. Stone in the Bladder and Gravel are removed without pain and the patient can return home cured in a few days.

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Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a tonic and blood purifier that cures pimples, blotches, sores, humors, eruptions and diseases of the skin.

Nothing stands as high today in the estimation of thousands of women as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—this is a soothing nervine which cures the functional derangements and painful disorders of women. For girls about to enter womanhood, women about to become mothers and for the trying days of the middle age Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription should always be on hand. In liquid or tablets. Write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free 136-page book on woman's diseases. Every woman should have one.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, cloth-bound, sent free to you on receipt of 21 dimes (or stamps) to pay expense of mailing only.—Adv.

MAKE $250.00 A MONTH REPAIRING AUTOMOBILE TIRES

Be first to enter this new big paying business in your town. Open your pockets. Let the dollars pour in. Act quick. Every auto sold means more tires to mend. Automobile business is growing fast—enormous field for tire repairing. Punctures and blowouts are common. Tires need retreading and vulcanizing. Something going wrong all the time. Thousands forced to buy new tires because they can't get old ones fixed. Think of the old bicycle days—repair shops on every corner—all making money—busy day and night. Autos make same proposition over again—only ten times bigger and better. Users of Haywood Tire Repair Plants are making big money. Johnson, Tex., writes: "I made as high as $18 profit in a day." Another man who started a plant September, 1911, writes he has cleared over $3,000.60. That's going some! Operate a plant as sole line in connection with auto business—garage or as an independent business. Fits neighborhood where there's a bunch of cars. Tire repairing steady business besides transient work. Experience unnecessary. You learn quick. Simply follow directions—practice a few days on a couple of old tires and you'll be ready to coin money. Business comes fast and easy.

Repair Tires at Home

Young men! and boys repair father's tires—get money he pays garage man. Get the neighbor's work. Make money to attend college or to start a garage and repair business. Auto owners—repair your own tires—save money—pay for your outfit in short time. We have outfits for home use. Anyone investigate. Send today for catalogue. See the wonderful possibilities in this marvelous field. Learn of the enormous money-making opportunities in this fascinating new business.

HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT CO. 923 N. Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

Big Flower Garden FREE

FREE

Our New Giant

Flower Collection

Package Contains Over 3,000 Best Seeds

Bushels of Blossoms

This is without question the Grandest Collection of Beautiful Flowers ever offered. Together they will produce a perfect garden of bloom and fragrance from earliest summer until the snows of winter. New colors and wonders will open up every day. It will be a constant surprise to see the odd and curious—as well as the old favorites constantly appear. You can have bushels of flowers to cut, to give away, and to enjoy.

Gorgeous Combinations of All Shades and Colors

Each package contains the following—and hundreds of others:

Aster, All colors, Asparagus,	Pansy Poppies Pansies, Mixed,	Sweet Alyssum, Verbena, Mixed,	Phlox, in Varieties, Snow Mountain,

God's Jewels for Earth's Ornament

FREE OFFER Send us only 15 cents to pay for one year's trial subscription to EVERYDAY LIFE and we will send you at once prepaid the above Giant Flower Collection. We are offering this to increase the circulation of our magazine. This flower collection is a tremendous value. Send 20c for a year's subscription and will send all of the above and 4 extra packets of flower seeds and 4 varieties of choice vegetable seeds.

EVERYDAY LIFE,

337 W. Madison St., Seed Dept. 51 B. Chicago

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY. Some of what I am telling you is new. But it is true. I have cured myself of ECZEMA and many others. Now I do not care what others say or do. I have cured myself and others, and I know what I am talking about. If you are troubled with ECZEMA I will send you a FREE TRIAL of the remedy that cured me. Don't send a penny. Don't promise anything. Don't even write a letter unless you want to. Just send your name and address plainly so I can read it, and I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my remedy. Don't delay. Don't send a penny. Don't even write a letter

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. Boyce Co., Pub'r, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EX-

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—WE

WHO ARE YOUR PROVE IT AT BANKS,

accident insurance policy; pays benefits for injuries or sickness, total cost 15 per year; double benefits $15. Agents wanted. Highest commissions. Address Underwriters, 1246 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

WANTED—HUSTLERS TO TAKE ORDERS

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED FOR EXCLUSIVE TER-

AGENTS SELL WELSKIN'S SPONGES. POSI-

AGENTS WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN TO INTRO-

AGENTS ARE MAKING BIG MONEY SELL-

BILLY SUNDAY'S MESSAGE AUTHORIZED.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, GREAT

SEND ONLY AGENTS WHOLESALE PRICE.

AT LAST. THE ONLY SAFETY RAZOR

AGENTS—MAKE $5,000 THIS YEAR. BE

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH-

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS RE-

I NEED BRANCH MANAGERS FOR MY

make $50 weekly. Experience unnecessary. A. Rotter, 3218 Parkview, Toledo, Ohio.

ADVERTISE—20 WORDS IN 100 MONTH-

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and storekeepers supplied.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued).

AGENTS—500 PER CENT PROFIT; GOLD

AGENTS MAKE 100% SELLING CONGRESS

WILL PAY RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN

IF WE HAD YOUR ADDRESS WE'D SHOW

$100 MONTHLY SALARY, EXPENSES AND

AGENTS—15x19 GOLD FRAMED SIGNS

AGENT—SELL MADE TO MEASURE RAIN-

I WILL SET ANY YOU IN THE MAIL ORDER

YOU CAN SELL OUR RAINCOATS, ANY

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO

HELP WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN OVER 18 WANTED—

GET EXAMINER'S "KEY TO CIVIL SER-

$25 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND

SILVERING MIRRORS, PLATING TABLE-

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR FARMERS'

MALE HELP WANTED

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK TELLS OF

QUIT WORKING FOR OTHERS. START A

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN, $100 MONTH-

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL POST

$10 PER 100 PAID FOR TACKING

CONDUCTED GOVERNMENT EXAMINA-

INCREASE YOUR INCOME $5 TO $10

$25.00 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES TO

MALE HELP—(Continued)

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED—COM-

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS—THOR-

YOUNG MEN, A TRIP TO THE EXPOSITION

LADIES TO SEW AT HOME FOR A LARGE

LADIES: MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME. $10

WANTED—APRON MAKERS. SEND 15

FEMALE HELP WANTED

A RARE OPPORTUNITY MAKE COMFORT-

$2.50 PER DAY SALARY PAID ONE LADY

LADIES TO SEW AT HOME FOR A LARGE

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

YOU CAN WRITE MOVING PICTURE

WE CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO SELL YOUR

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS—$50

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS.

$25 PROFIT NIGHTLY, SMALL CAPITAL

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$7.50 MAY MAKE YOU $750.00. LOTS IN

$20 INVESTED NOW MAY MAKE $7,000;

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT

$10 INVESTMENT IN LAND AND CO-

$5,000 OR LESS STOCK OF JEWELRY

INCREASE YOUR INCOME DURING SPARE

WANTED—NAMES AND ADDRESSES ALL

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND

HONEY

BEST QUALITY NEW CLOVER HONEY, 60

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY, A MAGAZINE GIVING THE

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—MILLION

FARMS FOR SALE

FARM HOMES IN BEST DISTRICTS OF

TYPEWRITERS

TYPEWRITER PRICES SMASHED. "SPOT

ASTROLOGY

FREE! $1.00 LIFE HOROSCOPE. TELLS

PERSONAL

LONELY YOUNG WIDOW AGE 21, WEIGHT

A LETTER OR VISIT TO DR. ROWE, THE

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM

MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS

DIMPLES PUSTULES, RED NOSE, ACNE

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIP-

MARRY—MATRIMONIAL DIRECTORY WITH

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH PHOTOS AND

MARRY RICH—HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO

BARRY—THOUSANDS WEALTHY. ANX-

LOVING PERF. POWDER WINS LOVERS

FREE. IF NERVOUS, WEAK, RUN DOWN,

MARRY—CATALOGUE WITH PHOTOS AND

CHAMPION FRENCH GIRLS AT BATH RE-

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUB-

FUTURE PICTURE ALSO PAST, EXPLAINED

MARRY—BIG PAPER WITH ALL NAMES

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE WITH NAMES

MARRIAGE PAPER; HIGHEST CHAR-

LOVERS SACHET WINS YOUR SWEET-

MARRY FOR WEALTH AND HAPPINESS

PERFUME OF LOVE! POSITIVE,

GAY LIFE IN PARIS AND 29 OTHER

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

OLD COINS WANTED.

$50.00 PAID FOR 1873 S. MINT; $2.00 FOR 1904 dollar, proof; $7.00 for 1853 quarter no arrows, old. Many valuable in circulation. Watch your change. Look up your old money, you may have or get coins of premium value. Send us a list, we will quote you prices. Get posted. Send only 4c. for our large illustrated coin circular. It may mean large profits to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send now to Numismatic [illegible] Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

POULTRY.

POULTRY RAISERS SUCCEED WITH MANN'S Lee Incubators. Lee's Lice Killer, Germozone and Lee's Egg Maker. Sold by dealers all over. Send for Catalogs and Lee's Poultry Book. Geo. H. Lee Co., Mrds. Dept. [illegible] Neb.

BOYS AND GIRLS

GUARANTEED WATCH OR GOLD PLATED bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packages Rapid Pencil Sharpeners Co., Box 1078 Haven, Conn.

$5—BOYS AND GIRLS—$. WE SEND $3 worth of goods. Sell goods, return only $1. Order now. Watkins Dawson, Marlow, Okla.

PATENTS

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write [illegible] for our List of Inventions Wanted and $1,000 Prize Offer. Patent and Your Profits. Free. Patent Attorneys, Dept. 171, Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

READ "SHE," 25c. FOUR NIFTY PHOTOS, Catalogue, 5c. Paul Duff, 2713 Mo-

TATTOOING OUTFITS, $1. UP. ELECTRIC Supply Company, 409 West [illegible]

THESE WANT ADS CHANGE EACH WEEK

New offers come and go—old offers change—something new and different in each issue.

READ THEM THIS WEEK AND OFTEN

PROUD.

[illegible] saying, Tousiehead.

[illegible] you said, not very loud:
[illegible] that you ought to be proud"—
[illegible] "You think so, dear"
[illegible] me tell you, now and here,
[illegible] about the proudest child
[illegible] a baby in his lap
[illegible] the dear old earth began
[illegible]

I'm prouder than the birds that sing
Prouder than England of her king,
Prouder than anything you know
In heaven above or earth below,
I'm prouder than a peacock, and
The leader of a village band
When he goes marching through the dust—
Why, I'm so proud I almost bust!

But tell me, dearest baby, why
You think pride should light up my eye
Why I should stand in the crowd
Or sober men, head up and proud,
Why you think I envy not alone
Rich all my days tuned to a song
Why you think you ought to be
Proud lots of Sister Girl an' me."

Then you know I shook you good,
Called you the finest child of mood
On your head, and chased you so
Round your daddy and mother, 'cause he is so round and fat—
And you shouted up and sat
On me, and then I blurted out,
Don't guessed what I was proud about!

* * *

Parted by Fate.

"He's the very nicest man I know!" murmured the girl with the yellow hair, and I keep on treating him as though he belonged in the back yard of civilization. It's awful!"

"Are you talking backward?" inquired the girl in the green suit.

"I keeps on," proceeded the girl with the yellow hair, "I think I shall lose my mind! Some jinx is mixing up our love-life—some enemy has hoodooed me! I tell you, the instant I met Alfred I had a sort of shock. Something told me that here was the man I had been waiting for all my life!

"Why, you should think so!" breathed her friend. "He gets a salary of $10,000, didn't you say?"

"It was Alfred's personality," indignantly asserted the yellow-haired girl. "I hope you realize I am not mercenary enough to be influenced by anything his cousin may have told me! I could see by his expression that he was a wonderful man. And his silk socks and his tie matched perfectly. I think you can tell so much by those little individualities! Don't you?"

"But listen! Just when I had it all fixed to ride in the same auto with him, his cousin called him away to ride in hers to the beach picnic. And then, when I was about to sit beside him at the camp-fire supper, they called him away to carry wood, and before he got back Arty Manners had flopped down in his place—and all I could do was give him a sad smile across the blaze. Even that was spoiled, because just as he caught my eye someone popped a plate of sandwiches on his head in passing, and nothing annoys a man like being amused up that way.

"He did call to see me before he went back to New York—and arrived when my whole house was full of some ancient relatives, whom we have to be nice to because they own a mine that may pan out some day—and my total conversation with him consisted of 'Why, how do you do?' and 'Good-night!' Then, the next time Uncle Benjamin was explaining to him how to get eighty bushels of potatoes from an acre instead of sixty, he called in the wholesale dry goods business, and, of course, was intensely interested in the potatoes.

"He sent me a ten-pound box of candy on my birthday, and I wrote him a perfectly darling letter, which he never answered. That was because he never got it. That monogrammed expressman of theirs is probably selling it at mill chute somewhere, or is being kept as a perfect example to be used in somebody's next issue of 'How to Write Elegant Letters.'

"I knew he never got it because the next time he was in Chicago on business trip he phoned me, and I cleared the matter up. He forgave me at once and asked me to call him up for dinner and the theater—and I had already promised Arty Manners, who is absolutely ridiculous, to motor over to Joliet, but very insistent on one's keeping engagements. And it was Alfred's only evening in town! I called Arty up and got out for afternoon tea because he had business until 5 o'clock.

"How perfectly tragic!"

"It was! Three weeks later father took me with him on a trip down the East, and when I got him headed for New York I was as happy as though I had eaten cherry pie! And my dear father safely interested in an old college chum, and I phoned Alfred's office. We once in our lives we should have had a peaceful little visit over the luncheon table. I shall always hate his stenographer's face as long as I live! Alfred had left the day before for a vacation up the Hudson, and would not return in ten days. I developed a dislike for New York and made father go home the next afternoon.

"A month later Alfred was again in Chicago. He had taken the precaution to write that he was coming and to reserve an afternoon and evening for my time. The morning of that day I fell off the stepladder and sprained my ankle so badly I was in bed for a week. I couldn't even get to the phone to talk to him! He struck Chicago on his return trip and phoned, asking me to lunch her and I accepted. That afternoon we got a telegram saying that grandmother had died and he must take the 5 o'clock train. Why, it's enough to make any man think I was sitting up nights planning how to avoid him! Alfred must have a lovely nature to stand it so sweetly! But another disaster or two will undo even him! If it happens again—"

"A telegram for you," said the maid, as she entered the room, and the yellow-haired girl read it aloud, with stuttering lips—"In town one day—may I call Thursday night? Alfred."

The yellow-haired girl beat her hands upon her brow. "Oh!" she moaned. "It's unspeakable! I'm chairman of the banquet given by our college club Thursday night, and unless I die I've got to go! Oh, Alfred, Alfred!"

"Ha, ha!" said her unsympathetic friend. "Excuse me for laughing at anything so sad—but I think while he wore Alfred tears your memory from his heart!"

* * *

Tragedy of Today.

(In one act—which is plenty.)

The cast—Maxie McGrath, a man of rough [illegible] for, though smooth; Hector Hangback, the village hanger-on.

[illegible]k, the village hangout.

[illegible]—A street in Mr. McGrath's dwelling. Costly tapestries and rugs [illegible] and a thousand-dollar bulldog [illegible] to the refinement of the scene.

Time—The shades of night are falling [illegible] loudly.

Father has sent for Maxie. She enters fox trotting.

Father (abruptly)—What's this I hear about you getting engaged?

Maxie (puzzled at first, but her face lighting)—Oh, yes. I never there was anything I wanted to tell you and something I wanted to tell you and mother. That's it—I'm engaged."

(The wind sighs outside. The dog sighs inside. It looks like snow.)

Father (controlling his anger)—"Well, what is it I am expected to support? Tell me, what, may I ask, are you engaged" Who is the candidate for board and room in this home which, the contractor said, would cost $18,000—and which cost $2,000 before he finished it?"

Maxie—"Why, its name is Hector Hangback."

Father (angrily)—"What, you marry that man? I'd rather see you dead or in the movies!"

(The clock in the City Hall strikes three. It is eight o'clock.)

Maxie (coldly)—"Father, father."

Father—"It's no use. Go into reverse. Here we are—a family that has owned a six-cylinder car for years. You were born with a seven-passenger touring car in your mouth, you might say. And you expect me to stand for an alliance with a man who drives a four roadster made in 1912! It cannot were! I'll wager he's never made more than eighty miles an hour on Main street in his life."

Maxie—"He's been arrested twice for reckless driving, mother."

Father—"He probably ran into a horse. Anybody can do that. We, who have always owned a six—or did until the last repair bill came in—unite with such a family!"

Maxie—"Nevertheless, I shall marry him. And, anyway, he's figuring on buying a flivver."

Father—"Yes, because he has seen me looking over an eight—that's the way he figures—and wants a new car."

Maxie—"I don't care. I'm going to marry him."

(Outside it is snowing rapidly.)

Father—"Then out you go." (He opens the door.)

Maxie—"But it is snowing, father."

Father—"Then put on your tire chains if you don't want to skid."

(Maxie goes out.)

Father—"And don't you ever dare to darken the door of my garage again!"

* * *

Baby Kept Them.

Mrs. Winship left her little son, Randall, to play with his baby brother, Snorth, after she heard the baby screaming lustily. Upon entering the nursery she found the children were playing, she found Randall picking up his marbles, while the youngster was trying valiantly to get hold of some of them.

"Why, Randall," said the mother, "don't be so selfish. Let your little brother play with some of your marbles."

"But," protested Randall, "he means to keep them always, mother."

"Oh, no, dear," replied the mother. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, I guess yes!" howled Randall. "I know he does 'cause he's swallowed three of 'em already."

* * *

A Hard Road.

[illegible] summers ask [illegible] "Mamma, if I get married when I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

The mother answered with a smile: "Why, yes, dear, if you get married you will have a husband like papa."

The little brow clouded. Then she asked:

"If I don't get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Nellie?"

"Yes, dear, you would be an old maid," answered the mother, laughing at this rather complex question: "but whatever gave you the idea that little head?"

But the child didn't laugh; she only looked grave, and said, dejectedly:

"Well, no matter which way we go it's a pretty tough world for us women, ain't it?"

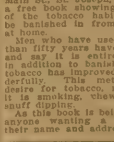
Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 864 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it has entirely succeeded. And in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco, has removed its bad effects wonderfully. This method banishes the craving for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.



Own Your Business—Make Two Profits

Be proprietor of a big Amusement Parlor—also acting as our agent in locality for Ten-Pinnet—"world's greatest bowling game." New, healthy. Allays 35 to 50 feet long, quickly installed in any room. Everything automatic—no pin-boy required—just one person to take in money. Everybody wants to play. Valuable premiums to bowlers—new furnish coupons. Makes big profits in any town—also summer resorts. Write today for catalogue and agent's offer. Now is the time to get in on the ground floor. THE TEN-PINNET COMPANY, 10 Van Buren St., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. I don't know anything about horses and I still didn't know the man was telling the truth either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, I'll let you try one first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't all right and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You can make Washing and Machine Gravity Washer.

And I said to myself, let me make a machine that will think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse—and then I can sell my Washing Machine by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes whiter than hard rubbing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand—or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a little child can run it well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes. It don't break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes. I'll prove all this to you—I'll prove it myself. I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I have to show how to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to come to me and find it out first. And I make good the offer every time.

Let me send the "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight both ways. If you don't find it pays for itself in the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay you for the time it's been in use. That's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it pay for itself? The "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And after all, you are the one to say. You must have the whole cost in a few months. It won't cost you the clothes either. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week in wash-day help—washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line today, and let me send you a book telling about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address Late Manager, 1466 Court street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 356 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

To FAT People FREE

I will send full testimonials with names and addresses of people who have reduced their weight from 10 to 50 pounds. PROOF THAT IT DOES REDUCE FAT. NO DIET, NO EXERCISE, NO DRUGS. Simply send your name and address. Cost absolutely nothing. Will be sent by return mail. DR. EDW. J. BROWN, 1560 Broadway, New York. (Licensed physician by the State of New York)

LAME PEOPLE

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

At Your [illegible]
Guitar, [illegible]
Offer Limited. [illegible]

HYPNOTISM

[illegible] D. Kansas

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittance should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

NEWSDEALERS AND NEWSBOYS.

No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she is well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $2.10 each Agate Line; for Classified, 10 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

A clear conscience makes a soft pillow.

Fresh young men delight to get pickled.

Few sermons are as broad as they are long.

Money may help the man who helps himself.

Your friend will smile if you let your money talk.

No man approves of flirting—unless he's in the deal.

Some men have brains but never know when to use them.

He who gets rich quick is apt to go broke in a hurry.

There'll come a thrashing time for those who [illegible]

No man [illegible] that he cannot teach [illegible]

A man [illegible] a bottle—until he puts it to his wife's name.

Any man can borrow trouble without bank reference or security.

Well, why shouldn't a green grocer fall in love with a grass widow?

Many a man's success, like that of an actor, is due to a good manager.

Laugh and the world laughs with you—unless you are telling the joke.

The less some men know about anything the louder they talk about it.

[illegible] The things we want to do are usually the things we shouldn't.

A young man is not justified in taking an eye opener because he is blindly in love.

Many a fool man goes lame trying to work a rabbit's foot instead of his own.

There's nothing beats the old-fashioned tintype if you want a truthful picture of yourself.

A wise woman refuses to ask her husband to accompany her to church if he talks in his sleep.

A novel usually ends with the marriage of the hero and heroine, just as if that was their finish.

And sometimes after marrying a man she once considered a good catch a woman would like to take him off the hook and throw him back.

Nine times out of a possible ten it costs the man who is elected to office a lot of money to convince his opponent that he was the people's choice.

They say that the first time a man marries he wonders if he will be good enough for her, but the second time he wonders if she will be good enough for [illegible]

Home and Health

Fashion Notes.

Dark green is firmly settled among the staple colors.

Vests are worn with some styles of coats, and they generally button close to the neck, with the lower fastenings undone.

Millinery importers now in Paris have cabled that the new spring models are more beautiful than ever. Many of the leading houses are opening. Cheruit is showing exquisite new dresses.

Waist materials exploit very largely this spring the lustrous yet absolutely tubable silks. Among these there's a soft satin which the practical woman will like to remember.

Your spring suit for the afternoon promenade should consist of a short coat and wide flaring skirt if you wish to be strictly up-to-date. Nothing is more quite so springlike as a covert cloth suit, and these have never been so widely popular as now, either, as at light shade and color or the darker olive shade.

Suspender effects are a fashion mode which will be followed, and which no woman need hesitate to adopt for fear of fleeting popularity. The effect here is the semi-fitting bodice, not too snug, which makes up charmingly, and which, while it is now all the rage, is simply the same time sufficiently substantial to merit adoption by women of moderate means and conservative tastes.

Health Notes.

If you would have a clear complexion drink plenty of water between meals and exercise out of doors every day.

Cramps in the stomach are frequently relieved by applying hot cloths over the pit of the stomach, or a mustard plaster.

In case of bad burns or scalds, linseed oil is excellent. If there is none on hand, however, lard can be spread thick on the burns and then they should be covered with flour.

The weaker the child the greater care a mother must needs exercise in looking after the general health. Five hours per day is long enough study period for [illegible]

When the nose bleeds for no apparent reason, prop the head upon the pillows or raise the arms over the head. Roll up a piece of cotton and push it between the upper lip and gum. Press the lip firmly against it. When this fails to check the flow, fill the nasal cavities with absorbent cotton and summon a physician quickly.

Recipes.

BREE A LA WALDORF—One and one-half pounds of veal cut small, three ounces cut, half cup tapioca soaked while in cold water, one can of peas, half cup bread crumbs, pinch of cloves. Cover with a little water. Cover and bake four hours, then slice raw potatoes over the contents. Cover and bake one hour longer. Salt and pepper.

COCOANUT PUDDING—One cup bread crumbs, two-thirds cup sugar, three-fourths cup cocoanut, two eggs, one pint milk, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon vanilla; warm milk and pour over crumbs. Mix other ingredients and mix with crumbs and milk. Bake in moderate oven. Beat the white and add a little sugar and put in oven to brown.

HAM MUFFINS—Cream one-fourth of a cup of butter, add gradually nearly three-fourths of a cup of cold boiled ham chopped fine; also a well beaten egg; then alternately one cup of graham flour and one cup of white flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a cup of milk. Bake in a hot, well buttered muffin pan about twenty-five minutes.

SCALLOPED CHEESE—Take four slices of bread, remove the crust, and butter each slice, and put in a buttered baking dish in layers, then chop one quarter pound cheese and sprinkle over it some salt and pepper. Mix four well beaten eggs with three cups of milk, and pour over the bread and cheese. Bake in a hot oven as you would bread pudding.

For the Housewife.

Before washing lace collars baste them closely on a piece of white cloth. They will not be stretched or torn. If no starch is put in them they will look like new.

When making pies, if you will tuck the upper crust under the lower and press down with a fork, you'll never have any trouble with your pie sticking to the plate and the juice running out.

To clean hair brushes put a tablespoonful of ammonia into a basin of tepid water and dip the brushes up and down in it until they are clean. Dry with the bristles down and they will be like new.

If the house is infested with ants, dip a sponge into sweetened water and lay it where they can get at it. They will soon cluster upon it and the sponge can then be dropped into hot water.

A woman with a badly faded blue shawl gave it a bath in cold water with which a tablespoonful of ox gall had been mixed and the color returned perfectly. Not all dyes yield to this treatment.

To polish mirrors use a dry chamois, or pumice bag, or a silk handkerchief or tissue paper, or apply powdered chalk or whiting with any of these. Or use a dry cloth slightly moistened with a few drops of aqua ammonia.

To clean straw matting put three pints of bran in two quarts of water and boil. When it is cool enough wash the matting with it and afterward dry it well with a clean cloth. Add a little salt to the water for white matting and vinegar for red.

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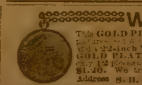

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THE INCA'S EYE

Or, Oscar Mayne's Adventures

By Captain Jack Judson

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CHAPTER VII.

THE TREASURE VANISHES.

"NOW, boy," said Dominick to Oscar, the night after the capture of the gold train, "we will see what we can do on our own hook. We'll have a little adventure of our own, and maybe we can surprise Sir Francis."

The young adventurer was quite sure he knew what the old sailor meant, but for all this he said:

"It's the Inca's Eye, isn't it?"

"It's nothing less than the greatest treasure in all the world. How big did you say the gem is?"

"It's as large as an egg, Dominick."

"Whew!" cried the delighted old fellow. "I suppose we are likely to have a tussle with the Indians, but we must expect something exciting."

They stole silently from the sleeping camp, and in a few moments were traversing the ancient forest where the shadows lay thick and heavy.

"Here we are," Dominick remarked when they had reached the cliff. "Now, shall we descend by the vines, or go down the old stairway where you had your bout with the jaguar?"

"I prefer the stairs," Oscar answered, "for it seems less hazardous than the vines——"

"That's just what I've been thinking," broke in Dominick; and they began to descend to the water's edge by way of the rude steps, which were wrapped in darkness.

They had come to the spot well armed, though they hoped they would find no use for their weapons, and in a little while they were on the narrow beach below. The night was still and beautiful. A moon hung in the sky like a shield of burnished silver, and revealed the clear water with its unrippled surface.

"There's one thing to dread here," murmured Dominick, "and that is the pesky sharks."

"I have never seen any here."

"They may have kept away for your benefit, but I've seen 'em in these very waters before now."

"When you dive you will turn, and then you will see the dark opening of the cavern," said the boy.

"Loosen the knife in your belt," advised the sailor. "If you see a shark you must not dive till you turn and compel him to plunge into his white belly."

Oscar nodded, but the very thought of meeting a shark in the water sharks caused a thrill to pass through his frame.

Old Dominick looked once more at the water, and then dived headlong. Oscar saw his form beneath the surface. The boy was not long in following, and companion, for he plunged into the liquid depths. The moonlight illumined the water, showing him the entrance to the Jeweled Cave, but it presently revealed more than that. A dark object shot into sight. It at first seemed to have no form, but all at once it grew into a fish-like object, and Oscar's heart leaped into his throat.

The huge monster was almost upon him. Instead of making a dash for the entrance, but he soon perceived that the shark had gotten between him and safety. His knife was in his right hand and he clutched the bone handle with the energy of despair. What had become of Dominick he did not know. The monster appeared not less than twenty feet in length and was swirling round him, showing all his body and the great mouth fringed with teeth, well calculated to terrorize the most fearless. Nothing terrible, Oscar waited for the fray.

On came the pirate of the seas with a swiftness that made the water boil. Suddenly the huge fish turned on his back and was about to strike, when Oscar plunged the knife deep into the white skin. The wounded monster spouted blood. Again Oscar struck with all his might, driving the knife to the hilt, and he had put the first. The shark turned upward, lashing the water with his tail, and then darted away. It was all over in less than three seconds.

Oscar now dashed for the opening and as he drew the water on the beach he heard an ejaculation of joy. Dominick was there, leaning forward with intense eagerness depicted on his weary face.

"The old fellow didn't get you, eh?" he exclaimed.

"Not quite," smiled Oscar, displaying the knife. "We are free from him at least."

They now advanced and soon stood in the great hall of the Jeweled Cave, which was revealed by the mysterious light.

"A wonderful place!" commented Dominick, looking around. "One could hide here for a thousand years and not be found."

"Mercedes does not know where the strange light comes from," explained Oscar.

"Now show me the iron chest," demanded Dominick.

"Yonder it is," was the reply. "You shall soon feast your eyes on the treasure of the world."

In another minute the English youth was bending over the iron chest and Dominick was standing by with bated breath. With some difficulty Oscar lifted the lid of the chest and then uttered a startled cry.

"It is empty!" he exclaimed.

"What's that?" ejaculated Dominick. "Empty, you say, boy?"

"Look for yourself," was the reply. "There is nothing in the chest save a few old silver coins."

This was true, as observation confirmed.

"Are you sure the Inca's Eye was in that chest?" exclaimed the old sailor.

"Certainly I am. I saw Mercedes take it out, and I held it in my hand. Then she put it back and closed the lid."

Dominick's face grew dark with rage and disappointment. He was frothing at the mouth.

"Who has taken it away?" he suddenly cried. "Think you the girl came back for the loot?"

Oscar shook his head

"I do not know," said he. "It is a great mystery."

"Perhaps the Inca's Eye has been hidden in some other part of the cave."

"But what in the?" suddenly exclaimed Oscar, picking up a small object from the floor of the cavern.

"It's a ring, boy."

"And it belongs to Mercedes, for I saw it on her hand when I was with her."

"Whew!" cried Dominick, grinding his teeth. "It isn't hard to tell who looted the chest."

"But——"

"There's no 'buts' to it, in my estimation," was the interruption. "The Spanish lade has stolen the treasure. We've got to wrest it from her, my boy."

Oscar was silent. He could hardly believe that the girl had returned to the cavern and taken the treasure of the Jeweled Cave. He remembered that when they separated the ring was on her finger, which proved that she had not lost it while they were in the cave together. The girl had the Inca's Eye!

"What's to be done now?" he asked, looking up into Dominick's face.

"Follow the girl," was the determined reply. "Follow the girl who stole it, even to the ends of the world."

"But she may have gone back to the death trap of San Quentin."

"Then into the death trap!" cried Dominick, clenching his fists. "Sir Francis is going to assault the town and we will look for her in one but the other."

"Then we have nothing more to do here," said the disappointed youth. "She has gone with the Eye in a fit of death, that thousands have perished on account of it."

"I don't care a snap if they have," interrupted the old salt. "I'm willing to follow 'em if I can but touch the treasure of the world."

"I'm with you to the end, Dominick."

"Good boy. We'll go back with the Inca's Eye for our reward, you may be sure of that. But ere we leave let us explore this wonderful place a little."

They moved towards the rear of the chamber and, threading a winding path, suddenly paused.

"Look yonder!" suddenly cried Oscar. "There is the ghostly guardian of the world's treasure."

They drew back and stared at the figure before them. An old man with a gaunt frame was leaning against a natural pillar, apparently glaring at them like a wild beast. He was almost naked, a long white beard fell to his waist, and he had skeleton hands he clutched a heavy stick. Dominick drew his pistols and advanced.

"Stand where you are!" he commanded. "Lift your stick and you enter paradise."

There was no reply and the next second Dominick staggered backward.

"He's been dead a thousand years!" he screeched, and catching Oscar's wrist he dashed away, pulling the boy after him.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOUND AND LOST.

WHEN Oscar and Dominick reached the English camp they found Sir Francis preparing to assault San Quentin, which he knew to be in a state of torture. He relied on his three hundred stout sailors whom he had brought with him, and, besides, he had brought along some cannon with which to breach the walls.

The two companions kept their ad-

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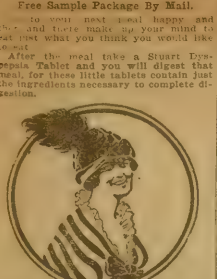

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FAMOUS FOR HER HAIR

Actress Tells How to Obtain It.

Madame Rose, the well-known actress who played on one of the leading vaudeville circuits the past winter and who is especially noted for her long, beautiful hair, in a recent interview in Chicago made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can promote the growth of their hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the scalp two or three times a week with the finger tips. This is not only the finest hair grower I have ever known, but it prevents the hair from falling out, removes dandruff and scalp humors, darkens streaked, faded gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. The ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost.

What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as to a phosphorous match. Their use should be prohibited. There are as efficient and less hazardous substances of catching or killing flies as these poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

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venture in the Jeweled Cave a secret, and agreed that if they got into the town they would look for Mercedes, who undoubtedly had taken possession of the Inca's Eye.

Drake resolved to start that very night, and accordingly the final preparations were made. The distance to the Spanish town from the camp was not very great, and the men were anxious to undertake the enterprise, for they were promised a part of the spoil.

It was nearly midnight when Drake's little force reached the vicinity of San Quentin. His presence had made the Spaniards watchful, and no sooner had the army halted than a rocket shot up- and announced their arrival. Drake bit his lips at sight of it.

"They knew we were here," said Dominick to Oscar. "We will not have to work in the dark."

On the plaza stood Mercedes watching

"Let Amelie kiss you."

the soldiers who were arming to repel the English. Men were placed on the walls and everything was got ready to give Drake a warm reception. The English admiral first demanded the surrender of San Quentin, but a volley from a hundred musketoons was the reply, and Drake's messenger was very severely wounded.

At the sound of the guns Mercedes turned and hastened to her abode, the door of which she locked behind her. Taking a candle, she proceeded to an inner room where she lifted the lid of a wooden chest, revealing the great gem which had been concealed there. It was the Inca's Eye, proving that Dominick was right when he declared that it had fallen into her hands. She fondled it while her eyes flashed and her cheeks glowed with avarice. It was surely the treasure of the world.

All at once a noise startled her, and she hastily hid the stone in her bosom.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

In another moment she was at the door with her hand on the latch. When she opened the portal she was confronted by an evil looking wretch who glared at her with the fury of a wolf. He edged into the room, his eyeballs still ablaze.

"The pirates have come," said this man whose name was Ignio, and who, on several occasions, had made love to her. "Sir Francis Drake and his sea vultures have swooped down upon San Quentin."

"I know," answered Mercedes curtly.

Ignio was one of the men of the Jeweled Cave, as Mercedes well knew. As the girl reached towards the candle, the man darted forward and caught her wrist.

"What have you done with it?" he growled, showing all his viciousness in his glance.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mercedes.

"What have you done with the Inca's Eye? Come, don't lie to me. I saw your foot tracks in the dust of the cave. You have stolen the great treasure!"

Mercedes looked at him and trembled, as well she might before such a villain.

"Give it to me," Ignio went on. "Give up the Inca's Eye, and I will spare your life."

Then it was that the flame of resistance leaped up in the girl's eyes. She jerked loose from the Spaniard's grip, and fell back to the wall. He was taken aback by her suddenness, and for a moment stood nonplused in the middle of the room.

"Hand it over to me," he furiously demanded. "I'll have your blood or the diamond——"

"Then it shall be my blood!"

"You can't escape me, girl," he went on. "We are alone and if you value your life you will give me the Inca's Eye."

She did not reply. Her face was white, and her figure like an iron statue. All at once Ignio darted forward, but he was met by a knife from which he recoiled with an oath.

"Your knife cannot frighten me," he hissed. "I want the treasure of Peru."

"You take it from my dead body if you get it at all," was the defiant answer.

A moment of silence followed, and then, with the bound of a tiger, the wretch went straight at Mercedes. She had waited for that very moment, and as he came within arms' reach she struck with all her might, and the dark-faced man with a yell of pain tottered back. Mercedes saw him fall heavily on the floor where, after a shudder, he lay still. She had finished him at a single blow.

Seizing the light, Mercedes, with a final look at her victim, dashed from the chamber, and was soon in the narrow street beyond. The Inca's Eye seemed a living coal next to her warm flesh; it had not been taken from her.

Out in the town all was excitement.

BEAUTIFUL BUST
DON'T BE A THIN, FLAT CHESTED WOMAN
I know how every skinney, scrawney angular woman longs for a beautiful, full, firm bust and an attractive figure. I was thin for years—I had no bust, no form—now look at my picture. I always felt as if other people were laughing at me—secretly making fun of my bony form and lack of bust. Now I am a happy woman.
I think it is every woman's right and duty to look like a woman and not like a man. If you are skinney, scrawney, angular and unattractive in face and form it is your duty to make yourself attractive. I know the trials and tribulations of all thin women—I want to help every thin woman to be happy and free from care and worry.
When I look back and think of the years that I struggled—the nostrums that I tried—the money and time that I wasted; I wonder how I could keep it up. Now I can save you all this waste of time and money and health—I can tell you just how I accomplished—what I had been told was impossible—what you perhaps think is impossible. I can tell you the way to be happy—how to have a beautiful figure and bust in perfect proportion—how you can be attractive, with a clear skin and sparkling eyes.
Just write me today enclosing a 2c stamp and I will gladly and willingly tell you without any obligation or expense how I was able to do the [illegible] myself. I [illegible] how many other [illegible] you may be [illegible] just how [illegible] there is only one way to [illegible] your good and future happiness [illegible] just let me tell you about it.
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drake had opened on the wall with his artillery, and men were running hither and thither with the wildest shouts.

Mercedes ran on till she came to a hovel, the door of which was opened by a wizened hag who looked as if she had passed the century mark.

"What is it, my child?" cried the old woman as Mercedes fell forward out of breath.

"I have been attacked," she exclaimed. "I have been assaulted by one of the wolves of San Quentin!" And then she fell at the hag's feet in a swoon.

The old woman opened her dress and caught sight of the precious stone. Her eyes increased in size. Glancing at the unconscious girl, she carried it to her lamp and examined it.

"By my life! This must be the long-lost treasure of the world," she cried. "This is the Inca's Eye, but how did it come into the possession of you girl?"

At that moment there was a movement behind her, and the hag thrust the gem into her bosom.

"You are feeling better, my child?" she said, in mock sympathy.

"Much better," said Mercedes.

"If the man who attacked you should come back—"

"But he can't."

"You don't know the men-wolves of San Quentin."

"I know this one," said the girl. "He will never attack any one else."

"What! Did you——"

"Yes, I killed him. It was Ignio."

The old hag gasped.

"But others will come and storm my house. You must go."

"Yes, I will go. I know another place. Good night, Mother Fez."

Once more Mercedes was on the street. It was a dark place, but she could hear the sounds of the battle, and she paused for a moment and listened. Then all at once she thought of the diamond. A cry of horror leaped from her throat when she discovered that it was not in its hiding place.

"Mother of Christ!" she cried. "I have lost the Inca's Eye!"

The horror that seized her was indescribable. She trembled as she never trembled before.

"I had it when I went to the house back there," she exclaimed. "It was safe in my bosom then. The old hag stole it."

And she turned and ran back. There was no response to her knocking. She fell against the door, and pushed it inward. All was darkness.

"Where is the thief?" she exclaimed. "I must have the Inca's Eye."

While fury beating within her, she ran from room to room in vain. The very thought that the great jewel had fallen to the hag unnerved her. Life in hand, she went everywhere through the den. If she had found its old tenant, she would have slain her on the spot.

"She is somewhere in the town," she finally thought. "She cannot hide forever from me. I will have the Inca's Eye or her life, perhaps both."

Already Drake's men were placing ladders against the wall. A roar of battle quivered the very air. The men of San Quentin were defending the town with the greatest gallantry. The English were being met on every hand and many were falling before the arrows and musketoons of the besieged.

Mercedes stood breathless in the plaza, thinking only of the treasure of the world.

CHAPER IX.

THE GREEN DEATH.

SIR FRANCIS and his men had found the weakest part of the wall, and were doing their utmost to breach it. Mercedes listened to the assault for some time, and then hurried away with the lost gem still uppermost in her mind. She wondered what had become of Mother Fez, for she had left those hands the treasure of the world had fallen.

Oscar and Dominick were among the foremost of the assailants, and at last by dint of hard fighting they led the way over the wall and found themselves in San Quentin.

"Have a care now, boy," shouted Dominick to his young companion, "these wolves will sink their teeth to the bone, and their last bite may be the hardest."

Inch by inch the Spaniards disputed the place, but in the end they were driven back into the darker quarters of the town, which was now practically in Drake's hands. Oscar had looked everywhere for Mercedes. Suddenly he espied her hiding in the rear of one of the houses, and before she could elude him he was at her side.

"Why did you come?" she cried, while he gripped her wrist and looked into her eyes. "It is death to be here."

"But we have taken the town."

"That may be, but still you are in a trap."

The boy did not seem to hear these words.

"Where is it?" he demanded. "Where is the jewel?"

The girl uttered a doleful cry.

"I know not, senor," she gasped.

"But you have it, Mercedes. We found your ring by the iron chest."

"It is true," she unwillingly confessed. "I did carry off the Inca's Eye, but it is lost again."

"Lost!"

"I have been robbed."

"Where, then, is the thief?"

"Would to the Holy Father I knew," was the reply. "It was taken from me by Mother Fez."

"And who is Mother Fez?"

"The witch of San Quentin."

"Where does she nest?"

"The nest is empty, for I have searched it," responded the girl. "She is hiding somewhere with the treasure of the world."

Oscar took a long breath.

"I will find the witch if I have to rake San Quentin as with a fine comb!"

He released the girl and took and darted away. In a little while he found himself in a different part of the town, where he halted and looked. He looked for a dozen Spaniards had suddenly debouched into the narrow street. The moment they saw him they rushed forward like a pack of hungry wolves.

The young adventurer was not alone. To contend against a band of ruffians was the last thought in his mind. He started on a run in the whole pack at his back. His only weapons were a pistol and a sword, and Dominick had taught him how to use both.

The streets of San Quentin were a maze. Suddenly Oscar brought up against a solid wall which he could not see a sign of safety. Driven to desperation, he turned on his pursuers and gritted his teeth. He drew his pistol while gripping the sword with the other hand. The rascals, seeing his defiance, stopped for a moment.

"Take the young rat alive, and we'll burn him!" shouted the Spaniards.

With this he was on him with another rush. Oscar fired straight into the pack, and the foremost wretch fell down. The next second he had the whole mass upon him. The first good cut he made sent another man to the ground, and the second thrust stretched another alongside of him. At that, the swarm drew back a foot. Ah, if Dominick would come! But Dominick was elsewhere, and knew nothing of his comrade's peril.

It was a losing fight for Oscar so far as he could see, but help came from an unexpected quarter. All at once a girlish figure plunged into the melee. Mercedes had come to the rescue!

The Spanish girl was armed with two pistols, one of which she discharged into the faces of the rabble, and ere the rest could recover she had seized Oscar's wrist and was dragging him away with her.

"Foolish boy to fight the fiends of San Quentin," he heard her say.

Mercedes conducted him to a narrow lane like street, where stood a poor house, beyond the door of which she thrust him without another word. The interior of the place was dark. The air was foul with the smell of filth, and Oscar felt his breath almost leaving him. He resolved not to stay there long and would have made his escape if a door had not opened, making him aware that he was not the only occupant of the room. He heard footfalls on the carpetless floor, and did not stir.

"I wonder if the English rats have the place," he heard a voice say. "They will not find me at least, ha, ha!"

Presently a spark leaped up, and the next instant he saw the light of a solitary candle. The little glare revealed the witchlike figure of an old hag, and the boy wondered if she could be Mother Fez, the thief of the Inca's Eye.

"Ha!" said the same grating voice. "I am the richest person in all the world. The girl found the gem, and I robbed her, ha, ha!"

The truth was out. He stood before Mother Fez, the very person he wanted to find. All at once he bounded forward, and before the hag was aware of his presence he had gripped her wrist and was gazing into her hideous face. She uttered a cry of rage.

"Come, give me the Inca's Eye," demanded Oscar. "You robbed Mercedes, but you shall not escape me."

Oscar shook her as he spoke and her yellow teeth rattled like castanets.

"Quick!" the boy went on. "Hand it over or——"

"What will you do, little rat?"

"I'll have your life!"

"Then you shall have the gem."

Oscar's heart went into his throat at this.

"I'll get it for you," Mother Fez went on, moving toward one corner of the room. "Don't cut my wrist so with your fingers."

The boy followed her forward, and saw her bend over a wooden chest in one corner.

"They call me the witch of San Quentin," laughed the old hag, "I guess I deserve the name. Ha! It is in the box, ha, ha!"

Oscar now released her hand so as to permit her to open the secret chest, but when she suddenly darted to her feet he recoiled with a shriek.

Instead of the treasure of the world, he saw in the hag's hand a writhing snake which darted out its tongue at him with all the fury of the serpent race.

"This is my pet," she shrieked, advancing toward him. "This is the little green death of the forests."

Against such a weapon there seemed absolutely no escape. The door behind the boy was shut, perhaps locked, and he was at the mercy of the new terror.

"Let Amelie kiss you," grinned Mother Fez. "After that you won't wish for the kiss of your pretty English maidens."

The boy drew his sword and swept it before his face.

"Swords will not save," laughed the vixen. "Amelie has a stronger than the best swords in all the world."

The green serpent seemed eager to

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The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is no easy to get them, every woman should have little trouble in getting almost every one.

Every one of the designs we are going to offer is new and up-to-date, and nowhere else can you secure the same, as they are made exclusively for us.

Canada—Single subscriptions, $1.50; Blade and Ledger, $2.00 the year.

No. 12 P. B., Ready-Made Lawn Handkerchiefs.

No. 12 P. B., READY-MADE WHITE LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS.—Here is a set of six ready-made lawn handkerchiefs, stamped with simple designs. Embroidery floss for working is included. Free with $1.00 subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.

No. 19 P. B., Animal Stencil Outfit.

NO. 19 P. B., ANIMAL STENCIL OUTFIT.—With this stencil outfit any child can be contented for hours at a time. It consists of six animal stencils cut on a special oiled board, twelve cups of water colors, two mixing pans, two brushes, four tacks, and complete instructions for stenciling and mixing water colors. All nicely packed in a neat box. This outfit will be given free with a $1.00 subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade or the Ledger.

No. 21 P. B., Library Table Scarf.

NO. 21 P. B., LIBRARY TABLE SCARF.—Size 17x54 inches, stamped and tinted in natural colors on extra quality brown linen crash. We include with each scarf skeins of colored floss for outlining the design. Given free with a $2.00 subscription, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger.

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NO. 24 P. B., BATTLESHIP PILLOW TOP.—This beautiful design is handtinted in the appropriate colors of our Navy, on ecru art ticking, size 17x21 inches. We include six skeins of colored floss and tan holland back. Given free with a $1.00, new or renewal, subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.

But One Way.

A certain small boy's mother was away on a visit. The youngster attempted to write her a letter.

"Papa," he presently inquired, "how do you spell 'Ike?'"

"Ike," answered papa, wisely, "is a proper name, so must be spelled with a capital letter. Otherwise there is but one way to spell it—I-k-e."

By and by sonny brought father his letter.

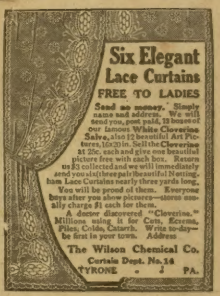
"Dear Mother: Ikespect it's almost time for you to come home."

* * *

Even a new clock is apt to show the marks of time.

RESINOL BEGINS TO HEAL SICK SKINS AT ONCE

You don't have to WONDER if Resinol Ointment is doing you good. You KNOW it is, because the first application stops the itching and your tortured skin feels cool and comfortable at last. Why don't YOU try this easy Resinol way to heal eczema or similar skin eruption? Resinol clears away pimples, too, and is a valuable household remedy for cuts, sores, burns, chafings, etc. It has been prescribed by doctors for 20 years and contains nothing to injure the tenderest skin. Sold by all druggists.



Six Elegant Lace Curtains FREE TO LADIES

Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you, post paid, 18 boxes of our famous **"White Clover Salve,** also 12 beautiful Art Pictures, 16x20 in. Sell the Clover at 25c. each and give our beautiful picture free with each box. Return us $3 collected and we will immediately send you six (6) these pair beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Everyone buys after you show pictures—unusually charge $1 each for them.

A doctor discovered "Clovertine." Millions using it for Cuts, Eczema, Piles, Colds, Catarrh. Write to-day—be first in your town. Address

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TYRONE J PA.

150 MAGIC TRICKS 10c
With rules, cards, dice, ribbon, rings, etc., explained, so simple that you can do them at once. You can astonish and amuse friends and make money. Be a wizard and shine as a star in your set. Sent C. WARREN HOVELTY CO., 3715 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO

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It is no longer necessary to buy three or four publications to furnish reading matter for the family. THE FARMING BUSINESS is an all around magazine for all the family. It teaches the application of business principles to farming. It helps the farmer make more money out of his farm by running it as a manufacturer runs his business.

But it is not all business. It has several departments for the farmer's wife, such as "Home Makers' Club," Pattern department, and Needlework department. These are big departments that appear regularly in this publication. It also has a page for the boys and girls, and a big department entitled, "Latest Inventions and Interesting Discoveries," illustrated in colors, for the entire family. It has a good supply of fiction, which also interests all the family.

In fact, THE FARMING BUSINESS is an ideal, well-balanced magazine for every family interested in the business of farming. It contains possibly more real helpful articles for the farmer than most other weekly publications and in addition it has the big departments for the farmer's wife and sons and daughters.

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By W. D. BOYCE

Mr. Boyce is making a personal investigation of agricultural conditions in Europe for the readers of THE FARMING BUSINESS so that they can prepare for the big opportunity that the war opens up for the American farmer.

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in everything for the home, shown in my finely illustrated catalog, include:

Furniture	Go-Carts	Stoves, Ranges
Carpets	Dishes	Sewing Machines
Rugs	Refrigerators	Washing Machines
Portieres	Silverware	Springs, Bedding
Clocks	Lace Curtains	Mattresses

"You can order any of these things. My plan of credit is very simple. All you have to do is send just the small payment necessary with your order. Then pay the balance gradually, a little each month. You will find a liberal schedule of terms in my catalog, showing plainly in black and white just what my low terms are. If you are not satisfied with any article, after you have seen it and used it for 30 days, back it comes at my expense, and I will refund your money without a word. It doesn't make any difference who you are, what kind of work you do, nor how much money you make, so long as you are earning a living. I will give you a

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"I believe in every man who earns a living. I am for the average home lover—the man who wants home pleasures but hasn't a whole lot of money to spare all at once. *My credit plan of buying is for him.* I want to get acquainted with all those who desire to make their homes cheerful and comfortable. I can help you get what you want. Thousands are saying, 'Spear helped us to beautify our homes on his liberal credit plan.' I want many more friends like that.

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Write Me Today Sure!

Send Coupon for Big, FREE Book

Bargain Price on Fine Rocker

A handsome, full size, mission rocker made of genuine oak in rich brown fumed finish. Has wide arms, heavy front posts. Covered with durable brown Spanish Sylvan leather with a deep spring seat and upholstered back. Neatly designed and solidly constructed. A remarkable value guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Shipped on 30 days' trial. Price, $3.65. Terms, 75c cash with order, balance 50c Monthly.

$3.65 only

Look at the Picture Think of the Low Price Where can you beat it?

Pay only **50c** a Month

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Spear's Semi-Drop "Steinway" Sewing Machine Bargain

Our high-grade Steinway sewing machine, made with an attractive, convenient, five-drawer, solid oak case, finished a rich, golden gloss.

$1. Month

Order No. D2208

Sewing head is especially designed for convenience, ease, speed and durability and guaranteed to do sewing as well as a fifty dollar machine. The iron frame is of a neat design and splendidly constructed. A full set of attachments, free, with each machine. Sold with a ten-year guarantee. **$45.85.** **Terms, $2.25 cash with order. Balance payable $1.00 monthly.**

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This handsome, complete Metal Bed Outfit consisting of heavy, perfectly constructed Iron Bed, any color, 4 feet 6 inches wide, a rust-proof link spring with steel supports and angle steel frame; 50-pound cotton top mattress; 2 pillows.

Just a Dollar to Put This Nice New Dresser in Your Home

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Dr. Sykes' Combination Vacuum Cleaner and Carpet Sweeper

Regular Value, $12
Spear's Price $7.65

Pay Only **75c** Monthly

Dr. Sykes' combination vacuum cleaner and carpet sweeper is the complete article in one. Offered here at much below regular price. Order direct now on 30 days' home trial, and if you are not fully satisfied, your money will be refunded at once without question. Only a little more than a penny a day. Balance 75c per month.

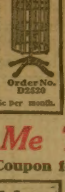
Made with three guaranteed vacuum bellows; an adjustable sweeper brush; rubber-tired wheels and attractive mahoganized case, with nickel trimmings. Will clean any rug right out of room or carpet, and pick up scraps of paper, matches, lint, tacks, etc. Never tires and lasts.

Order No. D753

A New Adjustable Dress Form

75c a Month

"This new dress form is a great improvement over anything before sold at such a low price. It is a dressmaking convenience that will last a lifetime. It is adjustable to fit any form in an up-to-date manner. It eliminates discomfort of being fitted. Dressmaking can be done away with guesswork and inaccurate methods. Skirts can be made perfectly correct. It is made with 12 independent sections; each section can be adjusted independently of the others. Enables you to fit unusual or abnormal figures. Requires no inside adjustments and so overcomes the only objectionable feature of other dress forms. Such imitations should not be misrepresented. Let us show you one of these forms on trial. Send it to us if it does not thoroughly satisfy. The following sizes are possible: Bust measurements 28 in. to 30 in., waist length, 15 in. to 16 in.; skirt length, 42 in. to 44 in. Order No. D2320. Price $5.45. 30 days' home trial. Terms, $1.50 cash with order, balance 75c per month.



Order No. D2320

Spear's New White Enamel Lined Refrigerator

Order No. D3142

Shipped on 30 Days' Trial

A large, spacious, triple compartment, white enamel lined refrigerator made with the best hardwood and highly finished and with high-grade nickel trimmings. Has rust-proof wire shelves. A convenient feature is the ice door at the side. The white enamel lining is of the very highest grade and the interior lining of the refrigerator makes it one of the most desirable and best ice savers on the market. It measures 49½ in. high, 31½ in. wide and 16 in. deep. Let us ship you one on 30 days' trial.

Order No. D3142. Price $12.95. Terms, $2.25 cash with order, balance payable $1.00 monthly.

Beautiful Brussels Room-Size Rug

$1.50 Cash with Order

Then Just Send 75c Monthly

Use It for 30 Days at My Expense

An unusual value in a full 9x12 tapestry Brussels room rug. The design is a rich Oriental medallion pattern with taupe field intermixed with Persian designs in brown, green, red and black. A most attractive article, and one which we guarantee to give satisfaction. Sold on 30 days' trial. Price $10.65. Terms, $1.50 cash with order, balance payable 75c monthly.

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Beautiful cover in colors from Oil Painting of two home lovers

Here Is The Coupon

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75c Monthly

Order No. D3813

Never before has such a kitchen cabinet been offered at a price as low as that we quote on this one. Material and workmanship are of highest order. The base top measures 25 x 37 inches. Made with two large sliding flour bins, two cutlery drawers and a large kneading board. The top has a large double china compartment fitted with art glass doors and four roomy spice drawers. Construction throughout of select golden oak with high gloss finish. Use it in your kitchen for 30 days. It can be returned if you are not pleased, and your money will be refunded.

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Rubber Tired Go-Cart

$8.95 ONLY

Cash with Order, Only $1.50

Balance, 75c Monthly

Order No. D111 — Shipped on 30 Days' Trial — Price $8.95

Full Collapsible Go-Cart with seamless tubular steel frame and pushers. Enameled cross handle. Side arms, dash trimmings and corner ornaments all silver nickeled. 10-inch wheels with heavy rubber tires and foot brake. Padded reclining back, adjustable dash, long, flat, easy riding springs and large 4-bow hood and storm front with large celluloid window. Covered with best black leatherette. Fully guaranteed.

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